

# Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR.

VOL. XI.

ARLINGTON, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1882.

NO. 3.

**HARRINGTON & FREEMAN,**  
DEALERS IN  
**WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, CLOCKS,**  
Silverware and Optical Goods,  
59 COURT STREET, BOSTON.  
(Opp. Adams Express Office.)  
L. T. HARRINGTON. GEO. T. FREEMAN.

**JOHN H. HARDY,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,  
23 Court Street, BOSTON.  
Arlington Office in Town Hall.  
July 24th

**M. ELLIS & CO.,**  
**BUILDING MOVERS,**  
WOBURN, MASS.  
Post Office address, Box 733. Office, Basement  
of Post Office Building. Residence on Wilm St.  
M. ELLIS. JOSEPH COLE.

**AMMI HALL,**  
Carpenter and Builder,  
ARLINGTON AVE., ARLINGTON, MASS.  
Jobbing and repairing promptly done. Particular  
attention given to fitting up Bath Rooms.  
Window and Door Screens made to order.

**D. G. CURRIER,**  
**Watchmaker and Optician**  
AND DEALER IN  
WATCHES, CLOCKS AND OPTICAL GOODS  
of every description.  
TOWN HALL BUILDING, ARLINGTON AVE.

**GEO. Y. WELLINGTON,**  
**General Fire Insurance Ag't,**  
Room 5, Savings Bank Building,  
ARLINGTON, MASS.  
Office Hours: Saturdays from 7 to 9 P.M.

**OMAR W. WHITEMORE,**  
DEALER IN PURE  
**Drugs, Patent Medicines,**  
Toilet Articles and Fancy Soaps. Physicians'  
prescriptions carefully compounded. Sunday  
hours: 8 A.M. to 1 P.M.; 2 to 5 and 8 to 9 P.M.  
Cor. Arlington Ave. & Medford St. Arlington.

**JOB PRINTING,**  
SWAN'S BLOCK, ARLINGTON.

**L. C. TYLER,**  
**Boots and Shoes**  
New Styles and New Goods.

Our stock is fresh and new goods are arriving  
every week. Ladies', Misses' and Children's Fine  
Goods. Men's, Boys' and Youths' Goods of all  
kinds and in good variety, all of which we shall  
be pleased to show you, whether you purchase or  
not. Also Men's, Boys' and Children's  
**HATS, CAPS AND UMBRELLAS.**  
Call and examine for yourselves.

**REPAIRING NEATLY & PROMPTLY DONE.**  
BANK BUILDING, ARLINGTON, MASS.

**ABEL LAWRENCE,**  
**HARNESS MAKER,**  
ARLINGTON, MASS.

Next door to Hill & Gott, and opposite Arlington  
House. Trunks and Valises repaired. New work  
of every description in the best manner. Repairing  
in all its branches attended to.

**W. H. H. TUTTLE,**  
Attorney & Counsellor-at-Law,  
OFFICE:  
53 Devonshire St., BOSTON.  
Elevator at No. 47 Devonshire Street.

**JAMES BASTON,**  
Carpenter and Builder,  
BROADWAY, ARLINGTON.

Carpenter Work of every kind. Estimates and  
Plans for building as desired. Personal attention  
to all orders.

**S. P. PRENTISS,**  
Teacher of  
Piano, Organ, Violin & Singing,  
Pleasant Street, Arlington, Mass.

**CHARLES GOTT,**  
**CARRIAGE MANUFACTURER**  
AND  
**BLACKSMITH.**  
Arlington Ave. opp. Arlington Hotel, Arlington.  
Particular attention paid to  
**HORSESHOEING.**  
Hoe, already finished and in course of building,  
**HEAVY MARKET AND MANURE WAGONS,**  
SLEIGHS, FUNGS, Etc.  
may 17th

**O. J. DERBY,**  
**Watchmaker and Jeweler,**  
ARLINGTON, MASS.  
Desires to return thanks to the citizens of Arlington  
for their generous patronage, and announce  
that he has removed to the store recently fitted up  
on his special use, next Swan's Block. All work  
entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention,  
in a thorough, workmanlike manner.  
Mr. Derby is agent for Mr. J. E. Ober, West  
Babcock, and all orders for Coal and Wood will  
receive prompt attention.

## GRAND ARMY FAIR

FRANCIS GOULD POST 36

Will hold a fair to raise needed  
money for a

### CHARITY FUND.

It will be held in  
Town Hall, . . Arlington,

The Middle of Next Month

### CONTRIBUTIONS

Vegetables and Fruit, Coal  
and Wood, Useful and  
Fancy Articles,  
Or any thing that will sell,

### SOLICITED FOR THE FAIR.

ARLINGTON  
Miniature Directory, 1882.

### CONVEYANCES.

**MIDDLESEX CENTRAL BRANCH RAILROAD.**  
Trains leave Arlington for Boston at 6.10, 6.24,  
7.00, 7.25, 7.58, 8.18, 9.37, 10.48, a.m.;  
1.20, 3.55, 4.37, 5.20, 6.35, 6.50, 7.32,  
11.10, p.m.  
Trains leave Boston for Arlington at 6.38, 7.05,  
8.15, 9.30, a.m.; 12.20, 2.40, 4.20, 4.50,  
5.20, 5.45, 6.10, 6.25, 7.05, 7.45, 11.20, p.m.  
Cars leave Arlington Heights Station 7 minutes  
earlier or later than time given  
above. Brattle and Lake St. are flag  
stations only.

†Wednesdays excepted. ††Wednesdays only.

**UNION HORSE RAILROAD.**  
House cars leave Arlington at 5 minutes past  
every hour to 10.05, p.m.; leave Bow-  
doin Square, Boston, 10 minutes past  
every hour, to 11.10, p.m.  
Sundays, every half hour, instead of hourly.

**MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.**  
Mail arrives. Mail closes.  
7.50, a.m. 9.00, a.m.  
1.00, p.m. 1.00, p.m.  
5.00, p.m. 6.20, p.m.  
Western Union Telegraph at the Post Office.  
F. E. Fowle, Post Master.  
At Arlington Heights, morning mail opens  
at 8.00; closes at 9.00. Evening mail opens  
at 5.00; closes at 6.10.  
E. B. Bailey, Post Master.

### TOWN OFFICERS.

Selectmen, Overseers of Poor, etc.—Henry  
Mott, Wm. H. Allen, James A. Bailey.  
Keeper of the Almshouse, G. W. Austin.  
Town Clerk, Treasurer and Collector,—B.  
Delmont Locke. Office at Town Hall. Office  
hours from 8 to 12; from 2 to 6. Open even-  
ings, Wednesdays excepted.  
School Committee,—John H. Hardy, chair-  
man; C. E. Goodwin, secretary; William A.  
Winn, William H. Allen, Marcus Morton, W.  
F. Potter, Rodney J. Hardy, Timothy O'Leary,  
Henry Swan.

Library Committee,—John H. Hardy, John  
T. Trowbridge, Richard L. Hodgdon.  
Water Commissioners,—Henry Mott, Wil-  
liam C. Peck, Warren Rawson.  
Water Regulators, B. Delmont Locke; Supt. of Works,  
Sylvester Schenck, Swan's Block.  
Superintendent of streets, G. W. Austin.

**FIRE DEPARTMENT.**  
Charles Gott, Chief Engineer.  
George A. Stearns, William Gibson, Asst's.  
Meet last Saturday evening before last Mon-  
day in each month.

**HIGHLAND HOSE, No. 2.**  
Foreman, John Casey; clerk, James Fer-  
moyle; treasurer, George H. Hill; steward,  
John Nolan. Meets the second Tuesday in  
each month.

**WM. PENN HOSE, No. 3.**  
Foreman, Major Bacon; clerk, R. Byron  
Harwood; steward, Charles E. Bacon. Meets  
third Tuesday in each month.

**MENOTOMY H. and L. TRUCK.**  
Foreman, Cornelius O'Leary; clerk, Ed-  
ward Sweeney, 2d; Steward, Wm. Sweeney.  
Meets second Tuesday of each month.

**POLICE OFFICERS.**  
John H. Hartwell, chief.  
Patrick J. Shean, Garret Barry.

**PUBLIC LIBRARY.**  
The Library is open every week day after-  
noon, from 3 to 6 o'clock, except on Wednes-  
days and Saturdays, when it is kept open two  
hours later. The Library is located in Town  
Hall building.  
Lizzie J. Newton, Librarian.

**ARLINGTON 5 CT. SAV. BANK.**  
Albert Winn, President.  
The offices are in Bank Building, corner of  
Arlington Avenue and Pleasant Street, and are  
open for business Wednesday and Saturday af-  
ternoons and evenings, after three o'clock.  
Abel R. Proctor, Secretary.

### CHURCHES.

**FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.**  
Rev. Charles H. Watson, Pastor.  
H. E. Chamberlin, supt. of S. S. Wendell E.  
Richardson, assistant. John F. Allen, Jr., sec-  
retary and treasurer. Preaching service at  
10.30. Sunday School at noon; evening ser-  
vice at 7 o'clock.

**FIRST PARISH—UNITARIAN.**  
No Pastor.  
Sunday School at 9.30. H. H. Ceiley, super-  
intendent; preaching service at 10.45.

**ST. JOHN'S—EPISCOPAL.**  
Rev. C. L. Hutchins, Rector.  
Preaching service in the morning at 10.30;  
evening at 7.30; Sunday School at noon.

**PLEASANT STREET CONGREGATIONAL.**  
Rev. E. B. Mason, Pastor.  
Myron Taylor, supt. of Sunday School;  
Charles S. Parker, assistant; Edm. W. Noyes,  
secretary. Preaching service at 10.45; Sun-  
day School at noon; services in the evening at  
7 o'clock.

**ST. MALACHI—CATHOLIC.**  
Rev. Matthew Harkins, Pastor.  
Rev. James J. O'Brien, Asst. Low mass at 8  
o'clock; high mass at 10.30; vespers at 4, p.  
m. Sunday School at 2.45, under the care of  
pastor and assistant.

**UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.**  
No Pastor.  
John H. Perry, superintendent of S. S. Henry  
Swan, Miss E. J. Locke, ass'ts. Secretary,  
Jas. H. Richardson. Treasurer, Chas. S. Rich-  
ardson. Preaching service at 10.45; Sunday  
school at noon.

### SOCIETIES.

Hiram Lodge, F. A. M. Meets in Masonic  
Hall, corner Arlington Avenue and Medford  
street, Thursday on or before full moon each  
month. George W. Storer, W. M. Secretary.  
L. D. Bradley. Treasurer, George D. Tufts.

Menotomy Royal Arch Chapter. Meets in  
Masonic Hall, second Tuesday of each month.  
Henry J. Crosby, H. P. Secretary, Joseph W.  
Whitaker. Treasurer, Wilson W. Fay.

Cotting High School Alumni Association.  
Frank Y. Wellington, President. Secretary  
and treasurer, Lewis P. Frost.

Bethel Lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F. Meets in  
Bank Building, corner Arlington Avenue and  
Pleasant street, every Wednesday evening.  
Charles S. Richardson, N. G. Secretary, War-  
ren A. Peirce. Treasurer, William L. Clark.

Arlington Lodge, No. 584, K. of H. Meets  
in Reynolds Hall, second and fourth Monday  
of each month. Charles S. Parker, Dict. Re-  
porter, G. H. Rugg. Treasurer, Calvin P.  
Sawyer.

Francis Gould Post 36, G. A. R. Meets in  
Bethel Lodge room, Bank Building, second  
and fourth Thursdays of each month. Wilson  
W. Fay, Com. Adj't, C. S. Parker. Q. M.,  
James A. Marden.

Ancient Order Hibernians. Meet in Hi-  
bernian Hall (old Adams School house), first  
Tuesday in each month, at eight o'clock, p. m.  
President, Patrick Corrigan. Timothy Shean,  
Secretary. John McGrath, Treasurer.

Robert Emmet Land League. Meets in Hi-  
bernian Hall the first and third Thursdays  
in each month. Timothy O'Leary, President.  
Secretary, Charles T. Scannell. Treasurer,  
Matthew Rowe.

Catholic T. A. & B. Society. Meets in ves-  
try of St. Malachy church first Sunday in each  
month. P. H. Byron, President. Secretary,  
John H. Byron. Treasurer, Michael E.  
O'Leary.

Arlington Boat Club. Meets at boat house,  
foot of Spring Lane, first Monday in each  
month. Walter Stimpson, President. Sec-  
retary, H. M. Day. Treasurer, W. L. Hill.

Arlington W. C. T. Union. Meets first and  
third Fridays of each month. Mrs. Henry Y.  
Hill, President. Secretary, Mrs. Geo. C.  
Whittemore. Treasurer, Mrs. S. Stickney.

Each day we behold more and  
more of the utter etherealness of Oscar  
Wilde. He dines upon dewdrops, he  
clothes himself in lilies, he basks in the  
beams of the sunflower. There is nothing  
of the earthly about Oscar, but you  
can't get into his lecture for less than  
half a dollar.

### The Dress Rehearsal.

It would be pleasant if the entertain-  
ment given in the Unitarian church  
vestry, Wednesday evening, should lead  
to a revival of the pleasures enjoyed  
during previous seasons, from the use  
of the neat little stage and stage fix-  
tures. We do not know whether they  
have ever been profitable, but certainly  
they have been helpful to sociability  
and enjoyable to many outside of the  
bounds of the parish. The audience  
gathered last Wednesday evening, was  
larger than we expected, yet not more  
than we hoped would appreciate the  
efforts of the young folks to please.  
Mr. George Lewis, a graduate of Har-  
vard, and now of the Divinity School,  
opened the enjoyments of the evening  
with rendering of parts in the famous  
play of "Rip Van Winkle," and in an-  
swer to an encore, gave "Mary's Little  
Lamb," as spoken by a frightened  
school-boy, convulsing the audience  
with laughter. His dialect rendering,  
in the first instance, was charming,  
—wonderfully like the inimitable "Joe  
Jefferson," who has immortalized the  
part. The Dress Rehearsal opened with  
Prof. Prentiss at the piano, and ran its  
course through its interesting, always  
amusing and often highly laughable  
situations to the close, each one acting  
as few amateurs are able to appear be-  
fore an audience. The sensation of the  
evening was when Mrs. Jarvey, dressed  
in very appropriate costume, but  
towering above all the rest, her (his)  
full six feet of real height appearing at  
least one-half more in the costume.  
The following very full programme  
will remind all who witnessed the per-  
formance of the several pleasing situa-  
tions and give all not so fortunate the  
best possible idea of the operatta ob-  
tainable.

It is proposed to wind up the term of Grove  
House Academy in grand style, by the principal,  
Miss Jones. The girls, with the aid of a retired  
actress (Miss Jarvey) deceive her into allowing  
a charade. During a "dress rehearsal" of "Cin-  
derella," the one selected, Miss Fibbs calls, and  
imagining the wall of Cinderella as real, runs off  
to enter complaint against Miss Jones for cruel  
treatment. The play progresses with frequent  
interruptions until finally ended with the arrival  
of police, when an explanation ensues and all  
ends happily.

Miss Jones (Principal of Grove House Academy),  
Mrs. S. Fannie Wilder.  
Mademoiselle Epinard (French Governess),  
Miss Ida Robbins.  
Amy Fibbs (afterwards Cinderella),  
Miss Margie Gerry.  
Clara Wilkins (afterwards the Prince),  
Miss Millie Robbins.  
Martha Higgins, Miss Amy Bailey.  
Clara Jackson, Miss Edith Hicks.  
(afterwards the Spiteful Sisters).  
Rose Jennings (afterwards Fairy Godmother),  
Miss Esther Bailey.  
Sarah Ann (the Greedy Girl),  
Miss Marian Peasodden.  
Sophonisha Spivins (the Romantic Girl),  
Miss Millie Buckman.  
Miss Prudence Pinchbeck (a visitor),  
Miss Rene Woodman.  
Mrs. Jarvey (a retired actress), Miss Dell Monte.  
Humpie, Miss Nellie Hodgdon.  
Scholars, Servant, &c.

### Annual Concert.

The announcement of the annual  
"New Year's Concert" at the Arling-  
ton Unitarian church, drew together  
a large audience, made up of members  
of the parish and friends of Sunday  
School work, which nearly filled the  
lecture room, last Sunday evening.  
The only decoration was an illuminated  
sign, bearing the words "Seven  
Jewels," hanging pendent from the  
ceiling, and this proved the title of an  
exercise with which the concert was  
opened. The "jewels" proved to be  
"the cardinal virtues," neatly printed  
on cards, which were hung in the rear  
of the platform, each in turn, as the  
children came forward and recited ap-  
propriate poems illustrative of each  
"jewel" in turn. Between them, Mr.  
H. H. Ceiley, superintendent of the  
school, read scripture selections. The  
following is the order in which the re-  
citations occurred:—

Faith,—Agnes Damon; Hope, Flo-  
rence Osborn; Charity, Esther Bailey;  
Peace, Lucy Hunting; Joy, Maud  
Frost; Love, Florence Bailey; Purity,  
Daisy Plimpton.

The exercise was liberally inter-  
spersed with singing by the school, un-  
der direction of Mr. S. P. Prentiss, all  
of the selections being well rendered.  
Mr. Alfred Norton was then intro-  
duced, and spoke briefly of the two en-  
chantments in the world,—and illus-  
trated the strength of those which  
would draw all from the path of virtue,  
and the joy which came to those mak-  
ing a sacrifice of self for the sake of  
the good and true.

After singing again, Mr. Ceiley an-  
nounced the names of those entitled to  
the books offered as a reward for con-  
stant attendance during the year, and  
the following came forward and re-  
ceived the token:—Marion Peasodden,  
Isabel Russell, Nellie Hodgdon, Edie

Bailey, Fred Wyman, Florence Osborn,  
Esther Bailey, James Bailey, Edie  
Whittemore, N. C. Nash, George Clin-  
ger, Fred Damon, Arthur Goodwin.

Thirteen other members of the school  
had been absent but once during the  
year, and to these were given neat  
panel chromos, as follows:—Louisa  
Schwamb, Agnes Damon, Alice J.  
Russell, Louisa Russell, Emma Locke,  
W. B. Thorpe, Fred Bitzer, Geo. Shir-  
ley, Chirley Rice, Howard Prescott,  
Willie Proctor, Warren Schwamb,  
Georgie Clark.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

Monday's sun ruined the sleighing, but  
Tuesday's snow storm gave it a new lease.

Editor Fultz, of the Stoneham Indepen-  
dent, evidently reads his exchanges.

Wednesday was the coldest day of the sea-  
son, the thermometer ranging from 6 to 16 de-  
grees below zero.

Tuesday afternoon workmen sunk the ice  
on acres of space on Spy Pond, Arlington, and  
the cold snap which followed added much to the  
thickness.

Capt. A. M. Lunt, of Lexington, now ab-  
sent on a long voyage, will please accept thanks  
for papers from Japan. Paper is very fine, and  
general appearance most excellent.

The Boston Revere Beach & Lynn Rail-  
road (narrow gauge), is to be double tracked,  
and a new ferry boat built and new rolling stock  
purchased in anticipation of an immense busi-  
ness next summer.

The World's Fair project is formally aban-  
doned, the committee appointed to canvass for  
subscriptions not receiving sufficient encourage-  
ment to give cause for hope that enough money  
could be raised.

W. H. Baldwin, Esq., President Y. M. C. U.,  
delivered a lecture before the members of the  
Wells Memorial Workingmen's Club and Insti-  
tute in Boston, last Tuesday evening. Subject:  
"The Armies of the James and Potomac," illus-  
trated by an especially prepared map. Mr.  
Baldwin is ever active in the interests of young  
men, and his influence for good is great among  
them.

Last Monday, Mr. McCoid, of Iowa, intro-  
duced in the National House of Representatives,  
a bill making the term of Presidential Electors  
four years, and giving them power to act in case  
of the death or disability of the President. The  
plan is one which will bear serious consideration,  
and seems to us to have more sound common  
sense than any other measure intended to relieve  
the complications growing out of the death of a  
President that has thus far been presented.

A neat pamphlet from the press of John  
Wilson & Son, Cambridge, contains a com-  
munication to the Mass. Historical Society, from  
Rev. E. G. Porter, of Lexington, concerning President  
Garfield's ancestry. It has a picture of the old  
Garfield house in Lincoln, drawn by Mr. E. G.  
Champany, fac-similes of signatures of the an-  
cestors back to 1643, and coat of arms. The pam-  
phlet does not contain many pages, but these are  
intensely interesting, not the least of which is  
the lamented president's own letter giving a  
sketch of his family as far as he knew it in 1872.

Beginning Feb. 1, the Boston, Lowell and  
Concord railroad will cease selling mileage  
tickets in the present form, but will substitute book  
form.

That children's gem—"Our Little Ones,"  
comes to us with the last winter number, beau-  
tiful with pictures and charming in its little  
sketches and stories. The consolidation of the "Nursery"  
with this newer literary triumph has had the ef-  
fect of strengthening it and improvement has  
been made where we thought perfection already  
attained. It is not too late to add this best of all  
children's books to the list in your homes, if it is  
not already there. Address Russell Pub. Co.,  
149 a Tremont St., Boston.

The man often makes the choice. Ex-spek-  
er Randall was assigned the chairmanship of a  
committee of no importance, it was supposed,  
but he is likely to make it one of the most im-  
portant connected with the business of Congress.

The Arlington Cong'l church parsonage, on  
Maple street, is being thoroughly renovated.  
A new furnace is being put in, J. C. Merrill & Son  
of 20-28 Washington St., Boston, are papering it,  
and new carpets are making by Mr. Frederick  
Crosby, of Hanover street.

Interesting sketches, and stories, and mat-  
ters of general interest on the inside pages.

At the present writing, the prospect of an  
ice crop in this section is highly favorable.

Messrs. Bowman and Robinson, of the  
Mass. delegation in Congress, took an interesting  
and creditable part in the discussion of the pro-  
posed increase of committees in the House. Mr.  
Robinson said:—

"The best remedy here and now is to recommit  
this subject, get it out of the House and go to  
work [laughter and applause], and then, when a  
gentleman rises and moves to adjourn from  
Thursday to Monday, vote him down. It is by  
working hard that we will deserve honor, and  
not by prying and growing because we are  
not first second or third on a committee."

### REPORTER'S GATHERINGS IN ARLINGTON.

Some boys frightened Mr. Geo. Rich-  
ardson's horse last week Friday, and he  
ran away. His son Eddie was with the  
horse and attempted to hold him, but was  
thrown down and the animal escaped.  
The sleigh to which he was attached was  
considerably damaged.

Rev. A. G. Bale, of Melrose, will  
preach at the Pleasant street Congrega-  
tional church.

Rev. Charles Lombard will occupy  
the pulpit of the Unitarian church, Sun-  
day.

Sunday evening next, at the Baptist  
church, will be commenced a series  
of young people's meetings, to commence  
at half past six o'clock, preceding the  
regular church service. A cordial invi-  
tation is extended to all.

—Preparations for the fair in aid of the  
charity fund of Post 36, G. A. R., are  
progressing favorably. Last Tuesday  
afternoon and evening some twenty-five  
ladies met in Bethel Lodge room, Bank  
Building, to sew, and with the aid of a  
sewing machine much was accomplished.  
They meet again next Tuesday (Jan. 24)  
afternoon and evening, and any who are  
willing to aid in any way will be heartily  
welcomed.

—Rev. Edward F. Temple, of New-  
buryport, will supply the Universalist  
pulpit on Sunday, Jan. 22d and 29th.

—The next meeting of the Chapin Club  
will be held in the vestry of the Univers-  
alist church, when a dramatic entertain-  
ment will begin. The farces "Betsy  
Baker" and "Old Gooseberry" will be  
brought out.

—The letter from Rev. E. B. Mason,  
of Detroit, Mich., accepting the position  
of pastor of the Pleasant street Congrega-  
tional church, was read to the congre-  
gation last Sunday, by Rev. Mr. Seymour,  
of Winchester, a former close acquaint-  
ance and warm personal friend of the  
new pastor. He spoke of the peculiar  
pleasure it gave him to read the letter  
and welcome his friend to this section.

—The "Wise and Unwise Choice" was  
the subject of the Sunday School concert  
at the Baptist church, last Sunday eve-  
ning, and was illustrated by means of re-  
citations, singing, etc., most pleasantly.  
The principal parts were by Misses Alice  
Schwamb, Emma Dupee, Ethel Fisher,  
Helen Teel, Mamie Plympton, Lizzie Al-  
len and Hattie Wood. The singing was  
by a quartette and the school. The pas-  
tor, Rev. C. H. Watson, made a few ap-  
propriate remarks in closing, on the im-  
portance of making the wise choice. The  
superintendent of the school is Mr. H. E.  
Chamberlin. His first concert was a suc-  
cess.

—Prof. S. P. Prentiss, with a large  
chorus, will give a grand concert at Bur-  
lington Town Hall, Tuesday evening next.  
We trust that the friends of Mr. P. will  
bear in mind that there is a prospect of  
good sleighing at that time.

—A musical and literary entertainment  
is in preparation, to be rendered soon, at  
Union Hall, Arlington Heights. Partic-  
ulars will be given in our next.

—Rev. C. H. Spalding, and wife visit-  
ed Arlington last Thursday.

—The Guiteau trial drags its slow  
length along.

—Few winters have given less occa-  
sion to falut-finders than this one.

—Bethel Lodge, I. O. O. F., will hold  
their first dancing party of the season in  
their lodge room in Bank Building, on the  
evening of Wednesday, Jan. 25.

—We learn that Mrs. C. W. Stickney is  
at present residing in the town of Sher-  
burne, in this State.

—Mr. H. W. Berthrong, the artist who  
painted the picture of the late President  
Garfield that was presented to the widow  
by Boston merchants, has offered to paint  
the portrait of any Arlington gentleman  
chosen by ballot for that purpose at the  
Grand Army Fair in aid of Post 36. Who  
will be the fortunate gentleman?

—Regular meeting of Arlington Lodge,  
K. of H., occurs next Monday evening,  
in Reynolds Hall.

—Francis Gould Post 36 meets next  
Thursday evening, in Bethel Lodge room,  
Bank Building. Several candidates are  
to be admitted to membership.

—The resignation of Rev. W. F. Potter  
as a member of the Arlington School  
Committee was received and accepted at  
a meeting of the board, last Monday eve-  
ning. He received a vote of thanks  
from his associates. A joint convention  
of the Committee and Selectmen, to fill  
the vacancy, will be held Jan. 26.

—Mr. Nathaniel Plympton has formed  
a business connection in New York, in  
the crockery business. His family will  
remove to that city in the spring.

—The supplying the pulpit of the Pleas-  
ant street Congregational church has  
been placed in the hands of Mr. E. O.  
Grover, until the arrival of the new pas-  
tor. His associates on the supply com-  
mittee gave him a vote of thanks, at a  
meeting on the 13th inst. The committee  
on church alterations and repairs have  
advanced matters a step, having given  
orders for the making of plans to be pre-  
sented at the meeting next spring.

—Menotomy Hook and Ladder Co. will  
have a dance in the hall of the brick en-  
gine house, corner Franklin street and  
Broadway, on the evening of Jan. 25th.

—Capt. Geo. E. Richardson's little  
daughter had a birth-day party at his  
residence at the foot of Pond Lane, last  
Saturday afternoon and evening. The  
company of little folks had a delightful  
time, each carrying home a generous  
share of the birthday cake, sent from her  
Chicago friends.



Daniel Gray.  
DR. J. HOLLAND'S BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF HIS FATHER.

If I shall ever win the home in heaven,  
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,  
In the great company of the forgiven  
I shall figure to find old Daniel Gray.

I knew him well: in truth, few knew him better:  
For my young eyes oft read for him the word,  
And saw how meekly from the crystal letter  
He drank the life of his beloved Lord.

Old Daniel Gray was not a man who lifted  
On ready words his freight of gratitude;  
Nor was he called among the gifted  
In the prayer meetings of his neighborhood.

He had a few old-fashioned words and phrases,  
Linked in with sacred text and Sunday rhymes;  
And I suppose that in his prayers and graces,  
I've heard them all at least a thousand times.

I see him now—his form, his face, his motions,  
His homespun habit and his silver hair—  
And hear the language of his true devotion  
Rising beyond the straight-backed kitchen chair.

I can remember how the sentence sounded,  
"Help us, oh, Lord, to pray, and not to faint!"  
And how the "conquering and to conquer"  
Rounded the loftier aspirations of the saint.

He had some notions that did not improve him;  
He never kissed his children—so they say;  
And finest scenes or rarest flowers would move him  
Less than a horseshoe picked up in the way.

He had a hearty hatred of oppression,  
And righteous war for sin of every kind;  
Alas, that the transgressor and transgression  
Were linked so closely in his honest mind!

He could see naught but vanity in beauty,  
And naught but weakness in a fond career,  
And pitied men whose views of Christian duty  
Allowed indulgence in such foolishness.

Yet there were love and tenderness within him;  
And I am told that when his Charley died,  
Not nature's need nor gentle word could win him  
From his fond vigils at the sleeper's side.

And when they came to bury little Charley,  
They found fresh dewdrops sprinkled in his hair,  
And on his breast a rosebud gathered early,  
And guessed, but did not know, who placed it there.

Honest and faithful, constant in his calling,  
Strictly attendant on the means of grace,  
Instant in prayer, and fearful most of falling,  
Old Daniel Gray was always in his place.

A practical old man, and yet a dreamer;  
He thought that in some strange, unlooked-for way  
His mighty friend in heaven, the great Redeemer,  
Would honor him with wealth some golden day.

This dream he carried in a hopeful spirit  
Until in death his patient eye grew dim,  
And his Redeemer called him to inherit  
The heaven of wealth long garnered up for him.

So, if ever I win the home in heaven,  
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,  
In the great company of the forgiven  
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

## A LOST BABY.

Mr. Jonathan T. Ward, or as his card more modernly expressed it, "J. Templeton Ward, Jr.," looked like a man supremely satisfied with his fortune and himself.

He had just received a particularly gratifying letter from his sister in New York, calling him to the city on a flattering errand, and as he entered the cars this pleasant October morning the universe seemed irradiated with his own private sense of happiness. He dropped his hand-bag, cane and light overcoat carelessly in the vacant corners, and thus, comfortably extended, he found himself able to contemplate his plebeian and more crowded neighbors with urbane condescension.

After a few moments his fingers instinctively sought an inner pocket, and he re-read the letter which had so contributed to his self-gratulation. It was from his favorite sister Rose, who had married Henry Molineux, a wealthy broker, and whose happy married life had caused no diminution in her home affection. The Molineux were, in their way, very grand people, grander than the Wards, for they counted larger stores of shekels and lands and antique heirlooms, and Rose's alliance had been fully approved by her brother. Rose herself was a bit of a match-maker, and had long cherished a dream of a double connection between the two families by the marriage of her brother with her husband's sister, Miss Winifred Molineux. Unfortunately for her plans, shortly after her own wedding her husband's family had sailed for Europe, remaining abroad four years, and the objects of her romantic schemes had never met. Very deedly, however, Miss Rose Molineux had managed her cards, keeping up Miss Winifred's interest in the unknown person by means of shrewd allusions and items of interest, but never waxing sufficiently enthusiastic to alarm the shy girl with apprehensions of a matrimonial pitfall arranged for her unsuspecting feet. With her brother Mrs. Molineux's maneuvers had been less strategic and delicate. The matter had been frankly discussed between them, and Mr. J. Templeton Ward acknowledged himself prepared to become Miss Winifred's willing slave at first sight. Indeed, he nearly persuaded himself that he was already in love with her, and he brooded over his sister's letter with all the benign serenity of an accepted lover.

"Dear Templeton" (wrote Mrs. Molineux), "Henry's father and mother have at length returned from Europe, and have agreed to let me have Winifred

for the winter. I want you to drop everything else and devote yourself to us, to escort Winifred to all the exhibitions, symphony rehearsals, receptions, etc., of the season. She is looking remarkably well, and, what is better, has returned heart free. I was afraid some French marquis would be attracted by her dot and snatch her up. I know that you are very sensitive on such matters, and will not thank me for telling you, but by the death of her Uncle Robert in Pernambuco she has come into possession of thirty thousand dollars, which, in addition to her expectations from Papa Molineux, makes her a very pretty heiress. As what's his name says, 'A crisis comes once in the life of every man.'"

There is a trite old saying in regard to cup and lip which I forbear quoting, remarking only that it is a mistake to confide delicate porcelain to baby fingers. Mr. Ward's cup would probably never have slipped had it not been for a baby of whose influence upon his fate he was as yet blissfully unconscious. It was a sorry day for him when the three weird sisters converted Mr. Templeton Ward's cup of happiness—which had hitherto been as carefully guarded as though it had been a veritable bit of blossomed Dresden or fragile specimen of Sevres in Pompadour rose—into a plaything for a ruthless and irresponsible baby.

Mr. Ward had drifted into a day-dream, when he was recalled suddenly to the actualities of the present by a sweet voice at his elbow inquiring diffidently, "Is this seat engaged?"

Turning sharply, he saw a dignified but youthful lady, with a face like that of one of Raphael's Madonnas. His impressive heart paid her homage at once, and he was about to spring to his feet with spontaneous politeness, when the pleasurable emotion was checked by one of dismay. She held in her arms a baby—well dressed, neat, chubby, bright, and, to a parental eye, a cherub of a child; to Mr. J. Templeton Ward, his pet aversion and peculiar horror.

He looked at the child with an expression of intense disapprobation. "I think you will be more comfortable at the other end of the car," he remarked, slowly raising his eyeglasses and surveying the perspective of crowded seats.

"I will try another car," replied the lady, with quiet dignity.

Mr. Templeton Ward's good breeding asserted itself. "Indeed, madam, I had not observed that there were no vacant seats. Pray do not imagine me so egregiously selfish," and the little lady was quickly seated at his vis-a-vis. For some time the baby conducted itself in an exemplary manner, drumming on the window-pane and watching the rapidly whirling landscape, and Mr. Templeton Ward had time to observe that the lady was dressed in certain concessions to fashion and becomingness in the toleration of white at the throat and wrists, and solitary pearls in either ear.

"You have a fine little boy, madam," the lady smiled. "She is a very good baby."

Mr. Ward was momentarily confused. "Your little daughter resembles you strikingly," he remarked.

Again the rarely sweet smile flickered across the lady's lips.

"You could not compliment me in a more gratifying manner," she replied. He turned to the baby and endeavored to interest it in an exhibition of his watch and seals.

"What is her name?" he asked, hoping that the reply might involve that of the mother.

"We call her Dimple. Don't you think a baby the most delicious thing in the whole world?"

"Well, no, it had never occurred to me in that light before, but you know I have not had the advantage of an acquaintance with Miss Dimple."

"You could not help liking her. She never cries; she is absolutely angelic."

Mr. Ward was on the point of remarking, "I said she resembled you," but he checked himself, they were not sufficiently intimate yet for flattery.

The conversation became impersonal, and drifted through a wide range of subjects, Mr. Templeton Ward becoming more and more interested in his traveling companion, and quite ignoring the presence of the baby. This young person at last became fidgety and even cross.

"The precious infant!" exclaimed the lady. "How forgetful I am! She should have been fed twenty minutes ago."

A basket was produced, and a little rummaging brought to light a nursing bottle. "Dear! dear!" murmured the baby's guardian; "here is the bottle, but where is the milk! How stupid in Maggie to forget it!"

The baby at the sight of the bottle at first chirruped with gleeful excitement, then became frantically impatient, and finally burst into a roar of anger as the train paused at an out-of-the-way country station.

"I see farmhouses and cows grazing in the pastures," suggested Mr. Ward; "Perhaps I can obtain some milk for you."

"Oh, no, no; pray do not trouble yourself," replied the lady; "If you will kindly watch the baby I can get it." And before he had time to insist she was out of the car and running toward one of the farmhouses. Mr. Ward explained the situation to the conductor, who agreed to wait two minutes beyond the usual time for her return. Two minutes, three minutes, four minutes passed, and still she came not.

The engineer sounded the whistle, the conductor shouted: "All aboard! I can't wait any longer. She's had plenty of time. I must reach the next station before the up-train," he explained, and the train moved on. Mr. J. Templeton Ward gazed in a stupefied manner from the window; the baby howled. "Come, this will never do," he said, as he endeavored simultaneously to realize the situation and to quiet the distracting baby, his thoughts and words keeping up a running fugue somewhat in this manner:

Thought: "What can have detained her?"

Aloud: "Precious little Dimple, so—"

Thought: "Where did she disappear to, anyway?"

Aloud: "—it was. Shall have the pretty watch."

Thought: "Great Caesar! Can it be—"

Aloud: "Angelical little cherub!"

Thought: "—a case of desertion?"

Aloud: "Never cries—no, never."

Thought: "Of course not. She's was a perfect lady; impossible."

Aloud: "Shut up this minute, or I'll—"

Thought: "What shall I do with the consumed—"

Aloud: "—speak to you like a father."

Thought: "—thing when I get to the city?"

Aloud (to old lady who offers a peppermint): "Thank you, ma'am. (To baby): 'There, choke your blessed throat!'"

Thought: "What a figure I'll cut at the depot!"

Aloud (attempting to sing): "Oh, where shall rest be found? Byelo, byelo" (shaking child violently) "go to sleep."

Thought: "Suppose Rose should be at the station with Winifred to meet me?"

Aloud: "Darling popsy-wopsy, chickabiddy chum! See how funny it looks in big man's hat!" (Extinguishes it in light-colored high hat.)

Thought: "She said a baby was the most delightful thing in the whole world. Any woman who can lie like that is capable of deserting her unprotected offspring."

Aloud (removing the hat): "Good gracious! It's black in the face; its going into convulsions!"

Thought: "I'd like to know what everybody is laughing at. If I had a pistol I'd shoot somebody."

Aloud: "Look here, now, Miss Dimpsey Impsy. Come, let us reason together. This thing has got to be stopped. Be calm—I say be calm."

Thought: "I'll leave it in the seat, take my baggage and put for the smoking-car." (Snuffs the action to the idea. Settles himself comfortably. News boy appears almost immediately with the baby, still screaming.)

Newsboy: "Please, sir, you left part of your baggage." (Train comes to a stop in New York depot.)

Thought: "There's a policeman. I'll hand the wretch over to him, and get him to carry it to the station-house or the foundling hospital."

A few minutes later and Mr. J. Templeton Ward gayly mounted the steps of his brother-in-law's brown-stone mansion. A great incubus had been removed from his mind, and he now felt disposed to treat the adventure with hilarity. His sister met him most cordially, and, throwing himself upon the sofa by her side, he related the story, decorated with considerable imaginative embroidery.

"Think, Rose," he said, solemnly; "what a tremendous escape! There I was a complete victim. Why, I actually took her for a respectable and fascinating little widow, and was flirting with her in the most confiding manner."

"Do you really think she meant to desert the baby?" asked Mrs. Molineux.

"Oh, without doubt. She had got herself up nicely on purpose to deceive, and to think that I did not suspect her designs when she asked me if I did not think that execrable baby delicious!"

"Was the baby pretty, Templeton?"

"Pretty! I should think not. I wish you could have seen it. It bore the marks of depravity stamped upon its brow. When it howled, it glared at me with demoniac eyes, and fisted like a prize-fighter. I am morally certain that its father is one of the champions of the ring."

"And what did you say you did with it, dear?"

"I got rid of it as quickly as possible, I assure you. I handed it to a policeman, and requested him to drop it into the East river. I had the satisfaction, however, of pinching it well before I saw the last of it."

"Do you suppose the man thought you were in earnest, Templeton?"

"Of course not. He has carried it off to the Home of the Friendless, or the Asylum for Little Wanderers, or some institution of that sort, I suppose. But let's drop the baby. Where's Winifred?"

"I expect her every moment. There's the door-bell now. Let me see."

Mrs. Molineux motioned back the servant and herself opened the hall-door, finding herself, to her surprise, face to face with her husband, who wore an anxious expression. Mr. Ward, who sat just within the parlor, heard their conversation distinctly.

Rose. "Why, Henry, what's the matter?"

Mr. M. "Nothing. Don't be alarmed; only a telegram from Winifred. She was left and will come on the next train."

Rose. "Oh! is that all? Then she ought to be here now; the train runs every hour."

Mr. M. "Winifred's all right, but I don't want to alarm you. Be calm—"

Rose. "The baby is she sick?"

Mr. M. "Don't get excited. The baby is not sick."

Rose (desperately). "Is she dead?"

Mr. M. "No, no. You always imagine the very worst that can happen. She is only lost."

A piercing shriek followed and Mr. Ward sprang into the hall just in time to see his sister faint in the arms of her husband. They carried her into the parlor, and she was at once surrounded by frightened domestics. In the confusion that followed Winifred Molineux arrived. There was no time for introductions, and indeed none were needed, for Mr. Ward to his utter dismay recognized his companion of the train, the supposed mother of the baby.

"I was bringing Dimple home from a visit to her grandmother," she explained, and added: "Is it possible that you are Mr. J. Templeton Ward? Then the baby is safe."

Mrs. Molineux opened her eyes, and suddenly sitting bolt upright assumed a tragic attitude. "Winifred," she demanded, "why did you abandon my precious Dimple?"

"I left her to get some milk," Winifred replied, good-humoredly, "and as I was coming out of the dairy a horrid goat barred my passage. The woman drove him away, but he stopped me again at the pasture bars, and I did not reach the station until the train had left."

Mrs. Molineux laughed hysterically. "Jonathan Templeton Ward," she exclaimed, "what have you done with your sister's child?"

"How was I to know it was yours?" he asked, depreciatingly. "I had forgotten that Miss Winifred would be in mourning for her uncle, and I thought she was a widow."

"You thought!" interrupted his sister. "The least said about that the better. He sent his niece to the foundling hospital; he insulted Winifred and all of us in a manner not to be repeated. Oh, my precious Dimple, my lovely pet! He told the policeman to drop her into the East river. Henry, he said you were a prize-fighter. Winifred, he is not worthy of your slightest thought. Why do you stand there staring at me in that idiotic manner, Jonathan? I disown you; you are not worthy to be uncle of that cherub darling."

Mr. Templeton Ward did not wait to hear all. He darted out of the door, murmuring to himself, "A crisis comes once in the affairs of every man," and, seeking the policeman with frantic haste, Miss Dimple was in a few hours returned to the bosom of her family. His sister, however, refused to see him, and it was not until the marriage of Miss Winifred Molineux to an officer in the United States navy that Mr. J. Templeton Ward finally made his peace with his outraged relatives.

## WISE WORDS.

It's easy finding reasons why other people should be good-natured.

Allowing the "blues" to master you is a sure way of cutting your life short.

A man who sits down on the road to success and waits for a free ride is sure to get left.

It is a mistake to judge of the excellence of your work by the trouble it has cost you.

To do good to our enemies is to resemble the incense whose aroma perfumes the fire by which it is consumed.

A head properly constituted can accommodate it to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

When bad men combine the good must associate, else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle.

To succeed in any of life's endeavors, be our talents what they may, we require perseverance, decision and tenacity of will to reach the full measure of success.

He who is always in want of something cannot be very rich. He is a poor wit who lives by borrowing the words, decisions, mien, inventions and actions of others.

Every one in this world has his or her share of troubles and trials. Let us then try as much as we are able not to increase the burden of any by as much as the weight of a straw.

Socially, politically and religiously the civilized world is in a terribly unsettled condition. Everything appears to be in a state of unrest. There seems to be no well-stated limit to anything.

## Pots and Pans.

Utensils for boiling purposes have undergone little modification in shape from the remotest times to the present day. The reason for this is not far to seek. Water heated in a round vessel with upright sides would soon boil over, whereas when treated in a pot whose sides incline inward toward the top, the bubbling waves of the liquid have a tendency to a common center, and usually waste themselves in conflict with each other. Thus the caldron, kettle and saucepan have in all ages and in all nations much similarity in form. With regard to material, no doubt the earliest pots and pans consisted of such natural objects as adapted themselves to the requirements of cooking, as the gourd, pipkin, cocoonut shell, etc., and among savage tribes these are still employed for the purpose. In course of time vessels of clay came into service, and afterward metal was brought into requisition. The old Egyptians had pots precisely like the modern saucepan, and their larger utensils were furnished with the well-known ears and feet which may even yet be seen in some of the home-steads of our country. Shakespeare makes the "secret, black and midnight hags" in Macbeth use a caldron of this description, and it will be remembered that the savory mess with which the more respectable Mag Merrilles appeased the hunger of worthy Dominie Sampson was dished from a like vessel. That these articles were common in China in dim antiquity, and that the Chinese had a superior method of mending them, can surprise no one, and is what we have expected to find in a people who seem to have forestalled nearly every invention, great and small, that was ordinarily supposed to have first seen the light in other lands than theirs.—Thomas J. Boudewich.

## Strength of the Egyptian Moth.

You are sitting at dinner with all your doors open, and suddenly you hear a familiar sound, and a beetle is wheeling "his droning flight" around the room. Flap! he falls on the table half stunned. You seize him and are amazed at the strength of his struggles, and still further at the squeak he utters, showing that he must have vocal organs—like the death's-head moth, which squeaks loudly when touched. Examine him, and you will find that he is the Egyptian scarab, varying in size from half an inch to an inch and a half long, and relatively, I believe, the most powerful animal in the world. Take an inch specimen and place him on the tablecloth under a full quart bottle of wine or beer. Presently you will see the beetle move, and if uncheeked it will slide mysteriously across the table, pushed by the gain beneath in its efforts to escape.—Chambers's Journal.

## Country Life in Italy.

A lady living in a country village in Italy writes, in the *Cornhill Magazine*, of her neighbors and their habits. She says:

It is amazing how smart the very poorest lady who has any pretensions to being such will turn out on occasions, however dilapidated her home attire. Two young ladies belonging to an old but utterly ruined family, whose parents were too poor to keep a servant, would dress themselves for their evening walk in the most fashionable hats and costumes, with their fans, smelling bottles, lace handkerchiefs and gloves, all complete. In order to obtain these dresses the young ladies had to condescend so far as to work for the peasants, who paid them for the manufacture of the smart stays and chemises they wear on feast days. The attempts at being highly fashionable, combined with an entire ignorance of the ways of the fashionable world, produce sometimes the strangest incongruities. The lace veil is now almost confined to the class called "artisti"—that is, shopkeepers and skilled workpeople; but a few of the old-fashioned ladies still keep to it. Curious specimens of decayed nobility are to be found in these remote villages—people bearing grand names and retaining considerable pride in their ancient lineage, whom generations of idleness and unthriftiness have reduced to extreme poverty. They are not educated for any profession, and when starvation stares them in the face they have no resource but to earn their bread by manual labor. One noble count of my acquaintance is a carpenter; another a bricklayer. I have seen the granddaughters of a countess working in the fields. With their fortunes, their manners deteriorate, until nothing but a remnant of pride remains to distinguish them from the peasants between whose class and theirs so great a gulf was once fixed. I remember nothing more melancholy than the assemblage of these poverty-stricken nobles I once met at the house of the rich man of a village. We were at supper; and as one ragged and dirty old man after another came shambling in, each in turn was, to my great surprise, introduced as the descendant of an ancient and noble family, but fallen—"caduto"—added my host, with a gesture of compassion. The old man would then bow his head in melancholy acquiescence, and casting a rueful glance at his shabby cloak with the faded green lining, would sink into a chair at the far end of the table. One of these fallen nobles, who had taken to house-painting, we thought it only charitable to employ for the decoration of our ceiling. I was prepared to feel quite a romantic interest in this unfortunate nobleman, and to be enchanted with his artistic genius; but he was so uncommodiously dirty, and his manners were so little removed from those of a peasant, that my illusions were dispelled at once. Neither did his style of decoration exactly come up to my ideal, although it was ambitious enough. A basket of flowers soon adorned each corner of our ceiling, and in the center, from amid clouds and wreaths of roses, a rather shapeless Cupid began to be delineated. In the middle of the work the artist, whose temper was short and whose feelings were sensitive, took offense (as we supposed) at some unintentional slight on our part. Without the slightest explanation he departed one day, leaving the Cupid minus one leg and one arm, and returned no more. Poor Cupid!

## Regret.

Ah, how sad and vain a thing is regret. When too late some past wrongdoing will burden the memory, and the bitter truth we tried to veil, even from our own hearts, is revealed in all its undisguise. Who has not to repent some slight, thoughtless omission of duty or kindness toward those whom they love? What even are regrets compared with the anguish of feeling of having parted from a friend—perhaps from our best beloved—with unkind and cruel words? It may have been those words were uttered carelessly, lightly, as the light and wanton breeze sweeps by, but they leave some scattered rose leaves to mark its track. Or it may have been they were purposely spoken, prompted by pride and passion and imagined wrong. Such has been an episode in many a life. The cause we know not, any more than that of the little fragment from which I quote, whose actors and whose story are alike unknown. But what a fitting place and time was that for such a parting?

By the seething main,  
While the dark wharves drive overhead.

And one is drifted out into the mist and storm—the other left to mourn the embittered past, pleading from the spirit-land for that forgiveness as cannot accord.

## Johnny and the Sour Apples.

"Johnny," said a lady living on Austin avenue, to her ten-year-old son, "take a basket, go to the grocery on the corner, and bring me a dozen nice apples. Be sure and taste them, and see they are not sour ones."

"Yes, mother, I will try and remember to taste them," said Johnny, cheerfully, taking up the basket and sauntering out the gate. In about half an hour he came back and placed the empty basket on the table.

"Didn't the grocer have any apples?" asked the anxious mother.

"Yes, mam. I bought a dozen. They were not sour."

"Where are they?" asked the fond mother, taking another squint into the empty basket.

"You told me to be sure and see that they were not sour, so I had to taste every one of them, you know, ma; I had to bite each apple, you know."

"Where are they?" shrieked the now thoroughly aroused woman.

"They were all little apples, ma, and one of them didn't make more than a good bite, but they wasn't sour, ma, indeed they wasn't."

Judging from the way Johnny walks the apples did not agree with him, even if they were not sour.—*Times & Herald.*

## Empty Arms.

God's blessing on the stalwart arms  
That hold their labor duty,  
And bear the burdens of the hour  
With cheerfulness and beauty!

All honor to the willing arms  
That lift the poor and lowly,  
And teach us by their kindness  
A lesson pure and holy!

And raptures for the glowing arms  
That clasp with loving sweetness,  
A world of joy and tenderness  
In beautiful completeness!

And rest unto the weary arms  
That after pining sadness  
Twine round our dear returning ones  
And thrill again with gladness!

But sorrow for the longing arms  
Where hopes, like birds, have nested;  
God's pity for the empty arms  
Where darling ones have rested!

—George Cooper.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The oldest inhabitant is generally a man; not because he is given to lying, but because he commenced owning 'up to his age sooner.—*Picayune.*

A boot-blacker tree has been discovered in New South Wales. The only trouble with it is it doesn't have a box and a chair.—*Lovell Citizen.*

We are told that the ancient Egyptians honored a cat when dead. The ancient Egyptians knew when a cat was most to be honored.—*Philadelphia Quix.*

It is said that sharks will not bite a swimmer who keeps his legs in motion. If you can keep kicking longer than a shark can keep waiting, you are all right.

When a man brags that he can tell a person's character by the color of his hair, it is deemed rough to swindle him by steering him up against a man who wears a wig.—*Boston Post.*

It is about time for some antique old aesthete after the mother Shipton pattern to rise up and say: "There's going to be a hullabaloo. The world will end in '82."—*New Haven Register.*

The young man who stoops, just as he is going to kiss his sweetheart, to inquire the price of potatoes and flour, will no doubt make an excellent husband, but he is no good as an enthusiastic lover.—*Steuernville Herald.*

A love-sick swain begins a poem, "I'm afloat on the sea of an endless love." Never mind, sonny, as long as you are afloat you are all right. The gas in your head will keep you from sinking.—*Waterloo Observer.*

It is one of the unexplainable things of moral ethics how people decide so promptly as to how little rain and bad weather it takes to keep them away from prayer meeting and how much is required to keep them away from a good show.

In summer the mosquito,  
The petulant mosquito,  
Around you comes a-buzzing,  
And makes you feel appear;  
But in the windy winter  
It is the airy snowball  
That skims along the highway  
And takes you on the ear.

—Puck.

A countryman who had selected a seat at the theater from which he could obtain a good view of the stage was greatly discouraged when a young lady wearing a fashionable hat sat down in front of him. He bore the affliction in silence as long as he could and then bending forward, said politely: "Please, miss, would you be so kind as to lower your umbrella?" She lowered the applause of the audience.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Stock-Raising in Texas.

A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* writes from Texas of his experience on this subject: I started here in the sheep business by herding a flock, as I could get nothing else to do. I herded one month for \$15; I then went through the shearing season for a little pocket change, and then, as I was acclimating, I became a little sick, and fell into the hands of a hospitable family on the Nueces river. Here my board did not cost me any money, as I was rather handy around the house doing chores. When I recovered I took charge of a ranch on the Sabine for the small sum of \$20 a month. Here I worked seven months, and at the end of the first year I found myself in possession of 100 sheep, and so I have gone along until have now 1,000 head of good young sheep, and if I had been a healthy man I could have doubled that number. The first thing is to get a ranch or range for the stock. The price of sheep depends upon their quality—from \$3 to \$4. There is a difference of opinion about the profits from the different sorts. Mine are Mexican ewes and the best Vermont Merino rams. The range of pasture is good, but has now to be bought or leased. The natural increase of the flock is about eighty per cent. one year with another. The fleece sells for from fifteen to thirty cents per pound. Our other market is San Antonio and the net profit of the business is thirty-three and one-third per cent. It is already of enormous extent, but nothing to what it will be in five years from now. The wool has to be taken to market by wagon for one hundred miles. Muttons are generally sold at the ranches and driven by the purchaser; they generally bring \$3 per head. They are now selling for from \$1.75 to \$2.25, and buyers are looking for them. It is hard to tell the best part of Texas for sheep-raising, as the business seems to thrive all over the State. Everybody is going to raise sheep, and cattle are being neglected.

This is the greatest country in the world for horse raising. I do not see why some Eastern horse raisers do not come here. It does not cost \$20 to raise a horse in Texas. The saddle-keep fat on the range the year around and it is a business I would have liked in had I capital to go back and buy large mares. It will pay thirty-three and one-third per cent. annum. Horse stock does better than any other stock and with care.



## SUNDAY READING.

### The Mote and the Beam.

We notice in an exchange a short anecdote with a point to it. A lady, on one occasion, upon examining a room which had not long before been put in order, complained to the servant that it was dusty. The latter said, respectfully, "The dust is on your glasses," and sure enough, when they had been removed and carefully wiped, the room put on quite another aspect. How very wide is the application that can be made of such an anecdote, and yet it is really only an extract from the Sermon on the Mount. We see it in our Lord's words respecting the mote and the beam. Objects change according to the media through which they are examined, just as the chameleon—and there are many like them—takes its hue from the tree it happens to be on. The monster that we see in the moon is often but the fly upon the glass of the telescope. There is much wisdom in the exhortation to be slow to speak and slow to wrath. Burns taught the same lesson when he said:

"What's done we partly may compute,  
But not what's resisted."

### Religious Intelligence.

It is proposed to establish at Little Rock, Ark., a college for young men and women under the control of the Methodist church.

One of the Jewish congregations in New York city has decided that hereafter men shall remove their hats in public worship.

In Boston, with a population of 108,963 and a church accommodation of 45,017, only 16,893 attended in the morning and 18,534 in the evening.

The Rev. S. W. Hastings Rose, of Michigan, has been elected Southworth lecturer on Congregationalism at Andover Theological seminary for the ensuing three years.

The Presbytery of Oregon contained at the close of the church year twenty-two Congregational churches. Since then three new churches have been organized, with 1,120 members.

The papal college of cardinals now has thirty-six Italians, seven Austrians, six French, five Spanish, three English, two Germans, one Portuguese, one Belgian, one American, one Armenian.

The stipend of Protestant ministers in Germany is so small that they are obliged to raise additional sums by charging fees for baptisms and marriages whenever celebrated at a private house or with special ceremony.

The Missouri Baptist convention reports in that State: Seventy associations, of which four are colored; 1,445 churches, including 149 colored; 920 ministers, of whom seventy-nine are colored, and 89,915 members, whereof 9,945 are colored.

The *Lutherische Kalender* for 1882 gives the total of Lutheran communicants in this country as 738,902, a gain for 1880 of 37,884. The synodical conference has 256,587, the general synod 124,734, the general synod South 18,463, the general council 226,656. There are, besides, ten independent synods, with 111,862 communicants.

According to the most recent statistics the Roman Catholics have in China forty-one bishops, 664 European and 559 native priests, thirty-four colleges, thirty-four convents, and 1,092,818 Catholic population. The whole number of Protestant communicants makes about one-fifth of the Catholic population, and the number of European priests is twice as large as that of the Protestant ordained missionaries.

### Stories About Blind Men.

Three men, two of them blind, were drinking together one night in the room of a public house. And as it too often the result of such convivial meetings, one of the blind men quarreled and came to blows with the man who could see. Here was likely to be a battle not by any means on equal terms. But the other blind man was equal to the occasion. That the man who could see should have no undue advantage over his less fortunate opponent, up jumped the blind friend and turned off the gas, and so they pummeled each other in a harmless way for a time. We have given an illustration of the warlike passion. As an offset we could give many illustrations of that gentler passion, love, for the blind are eminent disciples of Cupid and Hymen. As a rule a respectable blind man has no difficulty in obtaining a seeing wife, and very often with good looks to boot. And when we consider the delicacy of touch in the finger-tips of the blind the latter is not to be wondered at. Blind men, however, do not always marry wives who see. We know of many instances in which both husband and wife are blind and have managed to raise families without the occurrence of any serious mishap either to themselves or to the children. And the cases are rare in which the latter are defective in sight. Only lately the marriage took place of a blind couple somewhat advanced in years, she being his second wife, and he, her third blind husband. The marriage was not wanting in the elements of romance, for in their young days they had courted and parted, blind in a double sense. We will conclude with a courtship, but in this case will not vouch for its truth. A blind man on several occasions met a widow, who was not, however, like himself, blind, and latterly concluded that she would make him a good wife. He resolved that he would "pop the question" without loss of time. Accordingly, one evening found him at the widow's house for that purpose, when his suit was entirely successful. But so elated was he with his success that on leaving her door, he forgot he was up a flight of stairs. The staircase window being very low, and happening to be open, he felt the air on his heated brow, stepped out without thinking where he was, and so fell into the court below. The widow, hearing the noise, ran down, greatly alarmed, but was fully reassured that no bones were broken by his remark: "Maggie, ye see a big step to your door!"—*Chambers' Journal*.

## THE MYSTERIES OF JUNK.

### Glimpses Into a Wonderful Business of Vast Extent—How the Waste of a Great City is Utilized.

In a highly complex civilization like that of New York it is not to be wondered at if the waste of this great city has given rise to one of its most marvelous industries. How to utilize every scrap of refuse, every piece of worn out twine or rope, every pair of old boots, every sheet of moldy paper that may be thrown away, is the aim and occupation of perhaps ten thousand persons depending on this apparently very humble, but in reality highly lucrative livelihood. There are no less than 200 junk shops (wholesale and retail) in New York; there are 1,100 licensed junkmen who go out with carts every day to collect the refuse from door to door, and the number of unlicensed ragspickers is estimated by officers of the license bureau at a thousand at the very lowest. Some of the junk shops employ from fifty to eighty persons in collecting, weighing, sorting and packing the stuff, and considering the number of families whose bread winners are engaged in the industry it is regarded by those most competent to judge as but a moderate estimate that about ten thousand people are dependent upon it. The whole business is as systematized as the United States treasury or the British civil service. Every possible description of pasteboard, rag, bottle, waste paper or piece of old metal has its fixed price, and in a famous junk shop of this city no less than seventeen grades of wares of different prices (varying by perhaps only one-eighth of one cent per pound) were counted by the foreman.

The most valuable stuff, according to an official of the license bureau especially conversant with the subject, are old garments the cloth of which, after being unseamed and ripped open, is worth from ten to fifteen cents a pound to the manufacturers of shoddy. A junkman who has a "lucky day" and finds plenty of old cloth rags like these, good bottles, the best sort of paper, etc., will make \$4 to \$5 a day, while a wet day will sorely diminish his profits. The bulk of the junkmen are Irishmen, though a goodly number of Germans have also lately gone into the business; while the Italians, who are mostly unlicensed ragspickers and form quite a large colony in Jersey, Crosby and Mulberry streets, collect from the dumps and ash barrels what the others (who, as Guitau would say, are more "high-toned") would have left behind. The stuff collected by these Italians is so filthy that most of it has to be washed before it can be sold, and the best junk dealers do not accept anything from Italians because they say, the manufacturers to whom they must sell it declare that it is too dirty for them.

There are two big iron yards in Leroy street where the scrap iron that is collected is bought at a half cent per pound and afterward melted in the foundries, while the light sheet iron is generally disposed of to telegraph wire manufacturers. Take a broken down old stovepipe for instance. That makes excellent material for a telegraph wire and fetches from three to five cents a pound, according to quality. An immense business is done in bottles. Hardly a medicine bottle is thrown away that is not carefully washed out and restored to the trade as new. An east side bottle dealer has almost a monopoly of this business. The grease and fat that are picked up by Italians are sold to rendering establishments and reappear as lard, and the meat bones collected are said to be ground for manure, for which purpose they are said to be specially effective. Old hats that are thrown away are stripped off, recovered and reopened, and the east side "manufacturer," who has bought the hat originally from the ragpicker for ten or fifteen cents, resells it, in its rejuvenated shape, for one or two dollars. Old boots and shoes are worth anything, from five cents upward, and sold to the Baxter street shoemakers, who use them, as far as possible, in making up their "new shoes." Quite a romantic chapter and one full of the most extraordinary incidents is opened by an attempt to describe the lucky "finds" made in refuse heaps by junk dealers and their employees. Perhaps the most remarkable of these was the discovery of the secret correspondence relating to the marriage of Jerome Bonaparte and Miss Paterson, of Baltimore, and the subsequent negotiations between the Paterson and Bonaparte families, in the waste paper of the old warehouse of the bride's father. From the letters found in this strange manner the entire history of these negotiations between the Paterson family and Napoleon, and of their failure, was collated and the result published in 1873, in a book. A firm of junk dealers had purchased the refuse of the warehouse as such, and in the emptying out of some long-closed desks the letters probably found their way among the waste paper. Thus the waste paper stock of an old warehouse has actually been made to serve for the purposes of contemporaneous literature. But junk dealers tell of other extraordinary "finds." A Maiden lane jeweler gave up a diamond ring which was sent to him by express as lost, when a month afterward the man to whom he sold his waste paper stock and other refuse found it in the heap and returned it to him. Another instance, perhaps equally remarkable, was the discovery of indorsed checks to the amount of \$3,000, found among the waste paper of a well known city bank. It appeared upon investigation that the owner was not aware of his loss, and had, therefore, taken no measures to stop the checks, so that they would have been paid upon presentation. To return to the matter of smaller and every-day losses of this character, the junk dealers very frequently find pennies, postage stamps, seals—*but money, they all agree, very rarely.* It would thus appear that while people are reckless with letters, checks, rings and other articles of value, the hard cash is about the only thing which they will take good care not to drop into their waste baskets.

The women who sort the stuff in the junk shops and who are quite a numerous class in the city—they are called

"sorters"—all understand that these articles belong to the perquisites of the foreman or superintendent of the shop. "Them's my pickings," a foreman up-town said, and he added with great gusto that the autographs of well-known persons often found in heaps of moldy letters formed a very pleasant addition to his wages. He had studied up the subject of autographs thoroughly and knew their commercial value, both here and abroad, to a penny. He could tell off-hand what the autograph in a letter of Washington or Jefferson or General Jackson or any public man would fetch in the open market just as he could tell whether a bundle of old paper brought to him was worth one and a half cents or one and three-quarters cents per pound. In visiting a junk shop the writer was not a little surprised to see some torn "L" railroad tickets on the floor. He picked them up and said: "Surely you don't buy these?" "Certainly," was the junk dealer's prompt response, "the elevated railroads sell their tickets regularly after they have been taken out of the boxes into which the passengers throw them before entering the cars. They have about three thousand pounds of these tickets which in falling into the boxes are mutilated so that they cannot be used again, and they are worth about one cent a pound. The junk dealers buy them just like any other stuff."—*New York Herald*.

### Insects in India.

You have recently arrived in the country, are living in a kutch house (built of sun-dried bricks and mud-mortar), have made yourself comfortable therein, and are going to have your first dinner party. All your knick-knacks are proudly displayed on your table, and in its center blazes your lamp, just unpacked. The dinner hour approaches, and you nervously take a look round to see that all is right. One or two insects, new to you, are fluttering about the lamp or on the table, and in brushing them off you perhaps notice that the same insects are swarming out of a corner or from the floor. Your guests arrive, and while receiving and marshaling them in to dinner the insect invasion has assumed formidable proportions, so that when you sit down to soup, you find the air around the lamp alive with termites, and your fair cloth covered with them. Every soup-plate is stuffed with them, as also your glasses of sherry. In despair you appeal to the company or to your table attendant, and are advised to remove the lamp at once from the table. On doing so, the invaders on the wing are diverted; and then you notice that the thousands on the table have dropped their wings broadcast, and are now chasing one another about. In comparative darkness you finish your dinner and adjourn to the drawing room. When your guests have left, curiosity takes you back to the dining room, and you find the table and the site of the removed lamp strewn with myriads of wings, and their owners nowhere.

Watch the insect outside, and the sight is equally wonderful. From a spot in the ground where you would least expect it, you find one or two termites fluttering into the air; watch them narrowly and you will find a minute hole, far too minute for the hordes which are squeezing out of it and then rising into the air. Around the hole a half-dozen wingless workers are fussing frantically. But let us watch the perfect insects and return afterward to the workers. Soon we see a pyramidal cloud of insects in the air, the apex resting over the hole. This becomes denser and spreads wider as the breeze catches their wings. News of the flight have been telegraphed far and wide. Sparrows and crows, flycatchers and king-crows, kites and mynas, flock to the scene and gorge on the fliers. (Kites feast laboriously; every ermite is individually seized with the alons and then disposed of by the beak.) If evening is setting in bats and even frugivorous flying foxes join in the revel, and termites are devoured in myriads. Turn again to the hole whence the last termite has emerged and you will find the workers busily engaged in plastering it up again and destroying all traces of the flight. The few survivors of the swarm seek the earth, drop their wings and disappear. The dropping of the wings is a marvelous process; two pair, with all their machinery of blood vessels, nerves and ligaments, are instantaneously dispensed with, and the insect seems livelier than before; and this mutilation occurs precisely at the exact moment. Seize a termite by the wings at the wrong moment and he will struggle violently to escape, the wings remaining firm in your grasp. Seize it at the right moment, and you will see it lift its body upward and backward like an earwig, deliberately unhook its wings, and so escape.—*Chambers' Journal*.

### Tasting an Elephant.

The following extract is from "A Hunter's Wanderings in Africa," by Selous: The huge carcass of the elephant, or rather what remained of it, lay on one side, as it had fallen, with the legs extended. Behind the ribs and just over the belly the Kafirs had peeled off a large slab of skin about three feet square, and through the trap-door thus formed dragged out the stomach and intestines; they had also cut out the heart, liver and lungs, so that what was left was merely a hollow shell in the lower part of which the blood had formed a pool a foot deep. Into this cavity they and the bushmen now kept entering by two, disappearing entirely from sight, searching eagerly for small pieces of fat along the backbone and about the kidneys, and bathing in and smearing themselves all over with the blood. This is a common practice among the natives of the interior of Africa whenever large game, such as elephants or rhinoceroses, are killed, particularly if they happen to be the first of the season. Whether they imagine that this bath of blood gives them courage or not I cannot say. They do not wash it off again, but let it dry on them and remain, thus till it gradually wears off or gets rubbed off.

## THE SUPERNATURAL.

### The Belief in "Wise Men" and "Witches" Still Held by Millions in All Civilized Countries.

People are only too apt to believe that witchcraft has become an exploded article of the popular creed, and that there are no classes holding to the faith professed by Raleigh and Bacon, Selden and Hobbes, Boyle and Moore, Sir Thomas Browne and Sir Matthew Hale. Yet there would not be the slightest difficulty experienced by any one whose reading includes a moderately large list of daily newspapers, domestic and foreign, in compiling a very respectable annual volume on contemporary witchcraft and proving that a belief in the supernatural and malignant attributes of crazy old crones, in the vampire tastes of unquiet corpses, and in the potency of charms and spells, is to-day entertained by millions of people in the most civilized countries of the world. They had an epidemic of witchcraft in Butler, Pa., a few months ago, when the fact was revealed that there were six professional "witch-masters" in the county, and that when the devil got possession of a man and was not disturbed in his tendency for two months, \$5 was the smallest sum for which he could be evicted. The modus operandi is to cut a circle on a white oak tree and lure the devil to enter it, which he does with a noise like thunder and a vehemence that splits the tree to splinters. The patient is then corked up, as it were, with prayers and charms.

It is only a little while since the Davenport la, papers chronicled the death of Mary the Witch, and gave an appetizing inventory of her professional possessions, her "cabinet" containing a cat's skull, a chicken's head, bats' wings, toads' feet, spiders' webs, dried bones of various animals, dried blood and eyes of owls and cats deposited in various places wrapped in paper. It is safe to say that the professors of witchcraft in the United States are numbered by hundreds and derive an annual revenue from the credulous which it would take at least seven figures to express.

Though witchcraft is not so public and profitable a business in England, the belief in witches is even more generally held. Within the last few weeks one case has been reported where the parson of the parish was appealed to to stop her nightly promenades for evil purposes, and two young men were brought before the courts for knocking down an old woman and "drawing blood" from her with a knife, so as to release their sister from her spells. At Sheffield, in November, 1880, Agnes Johnstone was sent to jail for three weeks for obtaining £5 8s. from Margaret Devaney, through a promise of "ruling her planet" and bringing her a fortune through the agency of subterranean spirits. The witch had, her dupe testified, danced with the fairies and worked with the devil for night after night. At East Dereham, one William Bulwer was fined for abusing and assaulting a girl named Christiana Martins, because she was a partner in the witch industry with her mother, his testimony being as follows: "Mrs. Martins is an old witch and she charmed me, and I got no sleep for her for three nights, and one night at 11:30 o'clock I got up because I could not sleep, and went out and found a 'walking toad' under a clod that had been dug up with a three-pronged fork. That is why I could not rest. She is a bad old woman. She put the toad under there to charm me, and her daughter is just as bad, gentlemen." She would bewitch any one. She charmed me, and I got no rest day or night for her till I found this 'walking toad' under the turf. I got the toad out and put it under a cloth and took it upstairs and showed it to my mother and 'threw' it into the pit in the garden. I can bring it and show it to you, gentlemen." In Dudley, in June last, a professional witch came to grief and the jail for selling "a bottle of stuff to burn at midnight" to a woman who, though admitting that this practitioner was a fraud, insisted that she herself was bewitched.

The London *Daily News* is authority for the statement that "to-day in England women of bad temper and a certain originality of character deliberately give themselves out to be witches. They win some respect and exercise some influence. One woman has at this moment a reputation for keeping seven little familiar spirits, which leap out of her mouth, like the red mouse from the lips of the fair witch in 'Faust.' A witch often lowers the rent of the adjacent cottages and demoralizes a whole neighborhood."

The last legal execution in England for witchcraft occurred in 1716, but in 1863 a reputed wizard was drowned in a pond at the village of Haddingham, in Essex, not forty miles from London; while in 1867 "Dr. Harris" was committed for trial at the Radnorshire assizes for duping persons into the belief that their ailments were caused by their being "witched," and for professing to cure them by giving them charms to wear suspended round their necks.

At Harvy, in Belgium, in June last, a peasant lost not only his child but his cow, and consequently consulted the village wise man, or devin, who said: "Go home and to-morrow morning burn the first person who crosses your doorstep. That person will have been the cause of your ill. I will take care that God sends him." The countryman went home as directed, and with the aid of his spouse prepared a kind of funeral pile in the biggest room of the house, and when next morning a kind neighbor, who had nursed the child in its last sickness, came to the door, the couple pounced on her, tied her hands and feet and kindled the pyre, on which they laid her. She had the wit to confess her guilt and beg for a priest, and when the priest came he liberated her, but not till she had been fearfully burned. The tribunal of Mons laid its iron hands on the culprit, sent them to jail for sixty and forty days and made them pay \$80 damages to their victim. In the south of France a similar charm is in vogue. If you are worried by witches you have but to take a new bottle put into it all the

## FOR THE LADIES.

### Homely Weddings.

I have attended all sorts of weddings in my time—the wedding of a king and queen; of princes and princesses; of lords and ladies; of Hebrews, with their quaint ceremonies; of gypsies in the fields; of borderers in the far West, when I held one end of the broomstick; of negroes down South; of Tom Thumb and tiny Miss Warren, weddings in cathedrals, churches, chapels, meeting houses; weddings before the mayor, justices of the peace and aldermen; weddings by cardinals, divines, priests and preachers—but to me the most impressive ceremony is the family wedding in the front parlor of the family homestead, when the father and the mother of the bride are present to give her away, and the father and mother of the groom to receive her into her new relationship, and the little room is overcrowded with relatives and friends who know each other, and everybody kisses the bride, and then the kissing—as well as the crying—becomes general, and even such an outsider as myself comes in for a share of the sweetest things in the party—I do not mean the bride cake. For others the march down the aisle, the massive music of the organ, the long train of bridesmaids, the dress parade of ushers and the magnificent service. It is only a matter of taste, but I prefer the homely wedding that gives promise of a loving and lovely home thereafter.—*New York Star*.

### Ante-Nuptial Dinners.

Among the latest of society customs, says the *American Queen*, which bid fair to secure a permanent stronghold among us is that of the ante-nuptial bachelor dinner, given by an expectant bridegroom to his ushers and intimate friends as a farewell to his bachelor life. The young lady is generally consulted in making up this list of guests, and in this way former friends of the gentleman are sometimes able to determine beforehand, a thing never known certainly before the introduction of this custom, whether the house of the aforesaid friend will be a closed or open one to them after his marriage, or if they be not invited the almost sure presumption is that they have not found favor in the lady's eyes. The dinner is generally appointed for the week preceding the marriage. If the gentleman be not blessed with the abundant means without which the fashionable caterers are only a delusion and a snare, it is permissible for him to give his farewell dinner in his own house, and in this case the number of guests is generally somewhat smaller, sometimes only comprising the best man and groomsmen. These are usually five in all, although in large weddings there are sometimes as many as seven or nine. Twenty is considered a good number of guests, and this quota attended the farewell dinners of George Merritt and Dr. Seward Webb this season.

### Fashion's Fancies.

Peacock fans are in high favor. Chenille fringes are much worn. Jerseys are revived on the other side. Watered silk grows more and more fashionable. Fashionable dancing dresses, all, have short skirts. Aesthetic dress grows more and more in favor in England. Plush is more fashionable as a lining for wraps than for the outside. Black remains the choice color for the costliest and most elegant wraps. Pale rose and cream white are the favorite colors for fine wool evening dresses. Fringes of silver and pearl beads mixed are used for trimming evening dresses. Artificial flower garnitures are de rigueur with all gauzy and semi-diaphanous ball toilets. Tan-colored long gloves with loose wrists are worn on all sorts of occasions and with any kind of a dress. Black lace and fine jet are the approved trimmings for the handsomest black satin dresses for evening wear. White, or pale blue, or rose-tinted Chudra shawls make lovely evening wraps when fur-lined ones are not needed. The newest and most striking material in Paris for whole costumes is watered silk with a floriated damask pattern. Detachable trains fastening below the short bouffant back draperies come with some of the handsomest late importations. Court trains of great length, detachable and fastening on at the shoulders, come with the richest and costliest evening robes. Silver gray silk trimmed with silver moire and steel and silver bead embroideries, is a much admired combination for light mourning.

Among fashionable shades are nasturtium, dead leaf, old green, all dark greens, faded old gold, and a shade copied from the inside of a ripe melon.

Tinted Roman pearls are much worn with full evening dress. Greek necklaces are also worn, made of several rows of pearls linked together at intervals by small diamond clasps.

Satin boots, with velvet tops, Spanish insteps and Chinese toes, and fastened with tiny jeweled buttons, are worn with handsome dinner or evening toilets of satin and velvet.

The bodices of woolen dresses are sometimes ornamented with velvet collars and cuffs embroidered in gold. They are called "officers' and protectors' collars," and are high and straight about the throat; with them are worn double ruffles of yellow lace.

A new French bonnet exhibited has the tiny puffed crown completely covered with multi-colored butterflies, made of chenille, silk plush and gold tinsel.

The Flathead Indians are praised because they saw wood for their wives. But they did not get their wives for any such reason.—*P. & M.*

### A Squirrel's Fight for Life.

A story so strange that it seems almost incredible comes from the zoological garden, but it is nevertheless true, and a recital of the facts will give all a greater respect for the weaker animals, whose pluck and instinct—perhaps it may be called intelligence—triumph over the strength of their deadly foes. Yesterday afternoon a little squirrel killed a rattlesnake about to devour it, and the aggressor became the victim. It is customary to place live animals, such as the rabbit, the rodent or the squirrel, in the dens of the slimy, repugnant reptiles who tempted our first parent. The snakes, when they are hungry, with fearful deliberation approach their terrified prey and relentlessly devour it. The squirrel which battled so bravely for his life, and won, crouched tremblingly in the corner of the snake's abode, and seemed to understand that it would soon be food for the disgusting creature whose fierce, cold eyes began to glitter in anticipation of the promised feast. Slowly but surely the rattlesnake crawled toward the squirrel, but the bunny quickly jumped on a perch above the deadly reptile's head. The long flat head was raised upon the perch, and the forked tongue sent forth its venom. But the squirrel, with a sudden spring, alighted on the back of the snake and bit off one of his rattles. The wounded reptile wheeled quickly around and struck the little hero a fearful blow, breaking the right hind leg. Brave little fellow, once more he leaped beyond the reach of his maddened foe. Another spring, and the squirrel was triumphant. He caught the snake behind the head, and with one firm thrust of his sharp, white teeth he decapitated the slimy monster and fell exhausted by the wiggling mass; but the battle had been won, and the snake was dead.—*Cincinnati Inquirer*.

### Great Mortality in a Large Family.

The little rural burying ground at Rockville Center, L. I., has one feature which is not commonly found in country church yards or even in the large and pretentious cemeteries which abound near New York and Brooklyn. It is a row of sixteen little graves, in which the bodies of sixteen brothers and sisters, the children of Furman and Margaret Abrams, of Woodfield, in the town of Hempstead, all of whom died in childhood. Only one child of the family, a boy seventeen years of age, is living. A family so large as this is an unusual thing nowadays, although as many as twenty-four or twenty-five children were not considered too numerous in the early days of New England.

The Boston Post considers it possible for animals to blush. A turkey has been seen to turn a bright red around his gills when pointed out to the cook, and maybe the Post is right.



# Arlington Advocate

Swan's Block, Arlington Ave.  
Published every Saturday, by  
**CHARLES S. PARKER,**  
Editor and Proprietor.  
Subscription, \$2.00. SINGLE COPIES, 4 CTS.  
Arlington, January 21, 1882.

ADVERTISING RATES.  
Reading Notices, per line, 25 cents.  
Special Notices, " 15 " "  
Religious and Obituary Notices, per line, 10 " "  
Ordinary Advertisements, per line, 8 " "  
Marriages and Deaths—free.

## PREPARING FOR THE FUTURE.

A meeting was held in Grand Army Hall, Woburn, Monday evening, in response to a call requesting Woburn's citizens to meet and organize an association for public improvement. Many of the leading business men of the town attended and advocated an organization that will work to improve the town and encourage new industries. Among the prominent speakers were Col. William T. Grammer, Thomas H. Hill, Capt. J. P. Crane and Mr. F. S. Burgess. A committee of seven was chosen to present at an adjourned meeting a list of officers, etc. Another meeting will soon be held, to be called by the committee of seven.—*Boston Journal.*

Nothing seems more probable than that next spring is to see the most general exodus from Boston that has ever been known. There are many reasons for it, such as bad water, etc., which need not be enumerated. There is a reason above and beyond all of these, of great importance. The impulse to seek the purer air of the country in which to raise the young family is the most natural one, and the clerk and salesman, the skilled mechanic and advancing business man turns in that direction as soon as his increasing income warrants an improvement in his surroundings, even if a drooping of the blossoms around his city hearth-stone do not demand, in tones not to be denied, that best of all sources of health—bright sunlight and free, pure air. For this cause alone hundreds will go out from the crowded city homes this spring.

Not one of this class will move hastily. They will look before they locate, meaning to make for themselves a permanent home. The question that comes home to all interested in the growth of the town, is, are these worth inducing to make this their home,—how shall they be induced.

We have no suggestions to make at this time, but would call the attention of all our readers to the above facts, and also to what Woburn is doing to make the town an inviting place for this overflow from the city. We should be pleased to have the matter discussed by correspondents, believing that much good to the town would result.

## THE WEBSTER CENTENNIAL.

Wednesday was the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of America's greatest orator, and the event was appropriately noticed by the Marshfield Club, in a dinner at the Parker House, Boston, the list of speakers embracing men who were Mr. Webster's associates in public life, those who can remember him in his later years, and still others who were but children when he died. All of these speeches, whether delivered by Republicans or Democrats, show that all prominent New England men recognize the intellectual greatness and the valuable services of Webster to the nation. Ex-Mayor Prince presided with his usual grace, and his speech, like all of his public efforts, was a model. Governor Long's speech was an appreciative and eloquent tribute to Massachusetts' greatest statesman of the last generation. Mr. Winthrop, who was the political associate of Webster, with his rare felicity, spoke of the great man as he knew him. Senator Jones, of Florida, showed by his appreciative speech that he is familiar with the great man. The other speeches of the evening were of a high order. In Concord, N. H., Colonel George delivered an eloquent tribute to the great man who was born, educated and started upon his wonderful career in the Granite State.

It is said that Daniel Webster was the author of the saying that "New Hampshire is a good State to emigrate from," and acting on that idea, he came to Boston in 1804 and was admitted to the bar the next year. He was a great man in every sense, and there are some who hold that he would have been the greatest of lawyers had he kept out of politics. His speeches in the Senate, however, will be remembered long after his fame at the bar has died, and as the "Great Expounder" of the Constitution his memory is secure. It was but natural that he should aspire to the Presidency, forgetting that his greatness could not be increased by the gratification of that ambition. No one who ever gazed upon his lion-like face, and heard the deep tones of his powerful voice, can ever forget the magnetism of his presence. As a master of terse

and expressive language he had no equal in his day, and it is to be regretted that this generation has no one who can be compared with him.

## 12th Regt. Reunion.

The annual reunion of the twelfth Massachusetts regiment was held in Boston, last Wednesday, at Young's hotel, to celebrate in part the centennial of Daniel Webster whose son, Col. Fletcher Webster, killed at the second battle of Bull Run, was the first colonel of this regiment. Col. B. F. Cook of Gloucester, presided. Special mention was made of the "Regimental History of the Twelfth Massachusetts Regiment" now being compiled by Col. Cook. Lieut. Gov. Byron Weston and staff, Maj. George S. Merrill, commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., Maj. Lyman S. Hapgood, Mayor Green and others were present. Camrade Alfred C. Munroe of Brockton, was toast-master, and officers were elected as follows:—President, Col. B. F. Cook; vice-presidents, James T. A. Lewis, Jonathan B. Whitman; secretary, James T. A. Packard; treasurer, George E. Muzzey; executive committee, William H. Cole of company A., John H. Russell of B., A. L. Burt of C., E. H. Ferguson of D., Warren Danbar of E., Capt. E. K. Harmon of F., Lewis Reed of G., J. W. Thayer of H., F. A. Lancaster of I., L. C. Dowling of J., and L. Howard Packard of the band. It was voted that a picnic be held next summer at Nantasket Beach.

## South Middlesex Unitarian Conference.

The annual meeting and quarterly conference of the Southern Middlesex Unitarian Conference was held on Tuesday at the Unitarian Church in Chelsea, and was very largely attended, there being about 300 delegates present. The session opened early in the morning, and the time until 10.30 was devoted to devotional exercises, conducted by Rev. J. B. Bland, of Cambridge. The annual meeting was called to order by the President, Col. Carroll D. Wright. The essay of the forenoon was on the topic of the "Religious Outlook," and was very ably handled by Rev. Francis B. Horubrook, of Newton. The convention then adjourned for dinner, which was spread in Broadway Hall by the ladies connected with the Chelsea Unitarian Society. The afternoon session was convened at 2 o'clock, when a committee, appointed in the forenoon, presented a list of officers for the year ensuing, which were the officers entire of 1881. The balance of the afternoon was passed in the reading of reports of committees, and an address by Hon. John C. Park. The convention adjourned at an early hour, and proved to have been very interesting and instructive.

## Sunday School Institute.

A considerable audience assembled at the Berkeley Street church, on Wednesday, to hold a Sunday School Institute, under the auspices of the Congregational Superintendents' Union of Boston. Rev. William B. Wright made an address of welcome. The general subject was: "The Teacher," in his various relations with his class, the library, the superintendent, his fellow teachers, the parents, etc. Addresses were made during the day by George S. Trowbridge of Newton, C. C. Carter of Quincy, who presided, I. Freeman Hall of Dedham, Hon. S. W. Bicknell, C. C. Johnson of Springfield, Rev. Smith Baker of Lowell and A. E. Dunning of Boston. In the evening, ex-Mayor Hall of Cambridge, spoke on the layman's view of the teacher's work, and Rev. A. McKenzie, D. D., on the pastor's view of the same subject. The exercises were very interesting and instructive. A considerable number of visitors were present from various parts of the state.

## Belmont Choral Society.

This is the name of an organization in our neighboring town of Belmont at present engaged in rehearsing for a grand concert at the Unitarian church, Belmont, on the evening of Wednesday, Feb. 1st. The chorus embraces citizens of Arlington and Waverley as well as Belmont, and has enjoyed the efficient training of Prof. J. B. Sharian, of Boston. The rehearsals are held in Town Hall, Tuesday evenings, and are highly enjoyable. The place for holding the concert was chosen as the only place with sufficient seating capacity.

There is a useful lesson in the recent history of the Pacific Coast. The rage for speculation and stock gambling, which lasted until about two years ago, reduced thousands of prosperous people to poverty. When this mania disappeared, the revival of legitimate trade began, and now nearly all the industries of the Coast are prosperous and a better feeling prevails than there has been for years. The deepest gloom had settled upon San Francisco in 1879, but at present it is a bustling and thriving city. The growth of business is rapid and healthy; factories are multiplying; the wheat trade is expanding; new enterprises are springing up in every direction. Here is afforded a striking illustration of the vast different effects of the speculative mania and legitimate enterprise.

## WHAT THEY SAY OF US.

It was our pleasure, in our last week's issue, to reproduce a long list of notices of the changes and improvements in the mechanical and editorial departments of our paper. These were largely from the Boston and other city dailies. This week we give another batch, mainly from our brother editors' local papers in the neighborhood. It will be seen that several have a pleasant word for the town.

The Arlington Advocate this week makes its promised appearance as an eight-page sheet, and proves to be a well gotten-up and attractive journal. We wish it success in its new departure.—*Malden Press.*

The Arlington Advocate begins the new year with its borders doubled. Its editor, Mr. Parker is a man of high convictions who publishes a good paper.—*Southbridge Journal.*

The Arlington Advocate, in its new form, is one of the handsomest and newest of our exchanges. We congratulate our brother on the success attending his effort.—*Winchester Star.*

The Arlington Advocate celebrated the commencement of its eleventh volume last Saturday by appearing as an eight-page paper, instead of four as formerly. The double size will be continued for the future and may be taken as a mark of genuine prosperity.—*Waltham Record.*

The Arlington Advocate, of which Charles S. Parker, formerly of Woburn, is editor and proprietor, comes to us in quarto form, enlarged to twice its former size. Mr. P. has also put in a new power press and enlarged his facilities for paper and job work. We wish him success and prosperity.—*Wakefield Bulletin.*

The last issue of the Arlington Advocate began a new life for that excellent local journal. Enlarged and remodelled it started on the eleventh year of its history with happy auspices of success and longevity, and with the heartiest wishes of its constituents and contemporaries for its continued prosperity.—*Wakefield Citizen.*

The Arlington Advocate, one of those local papers which seem to be necessary to every village of any enterprise and importance, appears in a quarto form and enlarged to forty-eight columns,—double its former size. It is published by Charles S. Parker, and the great progress which has been made since it came into his hands is alike creditable to his energy and to the enterprising village whose patronage has made the improvement practicable.—*Boston Advertiser.*

## FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

Mr. James H. Beatty, the assistant-district attorney for Utah, has published another letter on the Mormon question, in which he suggests the following remedies: 1. That the living in and practice of polygamy, as well as the marrying into it, should constitute the offense of bigamy. 2. That the present statute of limitations as to the commission of the crime should be repealed. 3. That any wife or women, regardless of her relations to the man charged with bigamy, should be made a competent witness. 4. That a quasi-divorce law should be established, by which the polygamous wife may apply to the courts for such a portion of the husband's property as she and her children would bear to the whole number of his wives and children. 5. That every man who has ever lived, or believed in, or advocated polygamy, and has not repented of the same, shall be disfranchised either from voting or holding office. Mr. Beatty thinks that these remedies, if put into the form of law and then thoroughly applied, would be sufficient to exterminate the vice in a comparatively brief period. He may be right in this hope, yet we strongly doubt it. The Mormons, if we may judge from their temper and fanaticism, are not going to relinquish the practice of polygamy, except under sternest application of force. They will defy all law except that which they cannot defy, and that law is one which takes the whole government in Utah absolutely out of their hands, and puts it into hands that will compel their obedience to law, even by military force, if necessary. We have no faith in any tampering system with this Mormon rebellion against law.—*Independent.*

The attitude of Emperor William toward the German congress is regarded with alarm by all lovers of freedom. It is believed that he is meditating a coup-d'etat, and the possible consequences of such a step bode no good to the peace of Germany or of Europe. The march of civilization is not toward despotism but toward more liberal forms of government, and the ruler who obstructs the way should consider well the probable result.—*Lynn Daily Item.*

Senators Dawes and Hoar and six of the eleven members of the House of Representatives from Massachusetts, are in favor of suffrage for women.—*Charlestown News.*

One of the chief characteristics of the late Horace Greeley was his unbounded wrath against all who in any way displeased him. In this he is being imitated by his successor, Mr. Whitlaw Reid, who has gone to work to vilify that party which made public his bulldozing letter to Garfield. Now, is the man who made public Mr. Reid's disgraceful letter any more reprehensible than the man who made public Mr. S. J. Tilden's cipher dispatches? And if so, why so? A rat shows its teeth when cornered, but that does not usually prevent his speedy execution. Mr. Reid, like the Chinese, you must go to the wall.—*Boston Star.*

SOCIETY BELLES. On account of its remarkably delicate and lasting fragrance society belles are loud in their praises of Floreston Cologne.

## Unclaimed Letters.

List of Letters remaining in the Post Office at Arlington, for the week ended January 14.

Eastman, J. C. Jr.  
Ford, Crofton.  
George, F. B.  
Gelschell, Wallace W.  
Jefferson, A. A.  
Sparrow, E. S.

## Deaths.

In Lexington, Jan. 16, Ellen A., wife of George A. Slack, aged 38 years, 10 months.

This age is one of marvellous advance. The discovery of new adaptations of electrical forces in the next ten years will astonish the world. Intelligent and skilled Attorneys are essential in securing Patents for Inventors. Communicate with Presby & Green, 529 7th St., Washington, D.C.

ANNOYANCE AVOIDED. Gray hairs are honorable but their premature appearance is annoying. Parker's Hair Balsam prevents the annoyance by promptly restoring the youthful color.

Send your orders for job printing to this office.

LIVING WITNESSES. Two hundreds of hearty, and healthy looking men, women and children, that have been rescued from beds of pain, sickness and well nigh death by Parker's Ginger Tonic, are the best evidences in the world of its sterling merit and worth. You will find such in almost every community.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR "RENEWER" is a scientific combination of some of the most powerful restorative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores gray hair to its original color. It makes the scalp white and clean. It cures dandruff and humors, and falling-out of the hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing. It is the most economical preparation ever offered to the public, as its effects remain a long time, making only an occasional application necessary. It is recommended and used by eminent medical men, and officially endorsed by the State Assayer of Massachusetts. The popularity of Hall's Hair Renewer has increased with the test of many years, both in this country and in foreign lands, and it is now known and used in all the civilized countries of the world. For sale by all dealers.

## THE SURGEON'S KNIFE.

Wonderful Surgical Operation—Removal of Urinary Stones from the Bladder—Successful.

Mr. Simeon Tietzell, of Saugerties, N. Y., had been treated for seven years by various physicians for what they call Stricture of the Urethra, without benefit. He finally consulted Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., who found his trouble to be Urinary Calculi or Stones in the Bladder. The doctor at once removed the foreign bodies with the knife and then gave his great Blood Specific, "Favorite Remedy" to prevent their reformation. The entire treatment was eminently successful, and Mr. Tietzell's recovery was rapid and perfect.

While "Favorite Remedy" is a specific in all Kidney and Bladder diseases, it is equally valuable in cases of Bilious Disorders, Constipation of the Bowels, and all the class of ills apparently inseparable from the constitutions of women. Try it. Your druggist has it, and its cost is only one dollar a bottle. The lucky man is he who puts this advice in practice. Don't forget the name and address, Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y. The Doctor would have it understood that, while he is engaged in the introduction of his medicine, "Favorite Remedy," he still continues the practice of his profession, but confines himself exclusively to office practice. He treats all diseases of a chronic character, and performs all the minor and capital operations of surgery.

SIGNS for houses, tenements, etc., to let, for sale by C. S. PARKER, No. 3, Swan's Block, Arlington.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS. STATE HOUSE, Boston, Jan. 15, 1882.

The Committee on Public Health will give a hearing to parties interested in the petition of the town of Winchester for authority to issue additional bonds, for the purpose of supplying the town with pure water, at Room No. 14, State House, on Tuesday, Jan. 30, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

JOHN C. RAND, Clerk of the Committee.

## Burlington Ham

PARKER'S SAUSAGE,

Seasonable Goods—all kinds,

LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

Winn & Pierce

A Fresh Stock

in all departments at the

PLEASANT ST. MARKET.

Poultry in Variety,

Canned Goods, Sauces, Relishes,

CRANBERRIES, CELERY, ONIONS,

NUTS, GRAPES, ORANGES, LEMONS, ETC.

Pickles, Mixed Pickles and Pickled Limes, and all the

STANDARD ARTICLES

of a first class

PROVISION STORE.

Look in at our newly arranged show windows and see if we have not something you want

WINN'S ARLINGTON & BOSTON EXPRESS.

OFFICES: 25 COURT SQUARE, BOSTON; POST OFFICE, ARLINGTON; Leave Arlington at 9 A. M.; Boston at 3 P. M.

David Clark, MILL STREET, - ARLINGTON.



Hacks, Barges, and Teams,

Furnished to Order.

Special attention to Weddings, Funerals, Etc.

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1829.

STAPLE

—AND—

FANCY

GROCERIES

Please examine our stock. You will find no greater variety in Boston.

We sell at the lowest prices, but only first-class goods.

In original packages or in quantities to suit.

Some specialties in Fine Groceries not found elsewhere.

Orders delivered in Arlington and Lexington free of transit.

C. B. Fessenden & Co.,

177 COURT ST., BOSTON.

SYLVESTER STICKNEY,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

Furnaces, Ranges, Stoves,

Crockery, Tin, Glass

—AND—

Wooden Ware,

SWAN'S BLOCK, ARLINGTON, MASS.

Plumbing, Water Piping, Gas Fitting, Furnace and Tin Work.

BY COMPETENT WORKMEN, A SPECIALTY.

J. I. PEATFIELD,

DENTIST,

ROOMS 4 & 5, BANK BUILDING, ARLINGTON, MASS.

DENTISTRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

AGENTS WANTED for the only fine, large Steel Portrait of

GARFIELD.

Engraved in Line and Stipple from a photograph approved by Mrs. Garfield as a correct likeness. A beautiful work of art. No competition. Size 18x24. Send for circulars and extra terms. The Henry Bill Publishing Co., Norwich, Conn. dec10-8w

GEORGE HATCH.

SUCCESSOR TO HATCH & HUGHES, DEALER IN

Fresh, Smoked & Salt Fish,

OF ALL KINDS.

Oysters, Clams, Lobsters, &c.

Arlington Avenue, Arlington, Mass.

Goods delivered in any part of the town, FREE OF CHARGE. Orders for goods not on hand promptly filled. 45-47

ESTABLISHED, 1801.

WM. L. CLARK & CO.,

Carriage Painters,

AND

HARNESS MANUFACTURERS.

A good assortment of Blankets, Halters, Surchings, Whips, Cards, Combs, and Brushes.

Repairing neatly and promptly executed.

ARLINGTON AVE. ARLINGTON, MASS.

HELP Yourself by making money when a golden chance is offered, thereby always keeping poverty from your door. Those who always take advantage of the good chances of making money that are offered, generally become wealthy while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. We furnish an expensive outfit and all that you need, free. No one who engages fails to make money very rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full instructions and all that is needed sent free. Address STEVEN & Co., Portland, Maine.

PIANOS. The IVER & POND

ERB Piano Co. has the honor to announce that they have just received a large stock of new and second-hand pianos, and would be pleased to call on or send them to any part of the country. Address IVER & POND ERB Piano Co., New York City.

RENT bills, blank receipts and blank notes

Printed by C. S. PARKER, No. 3, Swan's Block, Arlington.

# PURE WHITE WHEAT MEAL

INSTEAD OF FLOUR FOR BREAD.

MANUFACTURED BY

S. A. FOWLE,

Arlington Mills,

ARLINGTON, - - MASS.

Arlington Wheat Meal is an article containing all the nutritious qualities of the whole grain, guaranteed made from the choicest selected white wheat, and endorsed by all physicians as an unequalled food for families and invalids. The Arlington Wheat Meal is ground from pure wheat, and furnishes the public the means of supplying a perfect food, for after using this article a certain length of time, persons find their vital force increased and their tissues strengthened, because the whole wheat contains the vital principle which is denied in the flour—the bolting or sifting process in the manufacture of the latter taking the vital principle from it. Its quality as it leaves the Arlington Mills, is guaranteed to be of superlative excellence and purity. The article we manufacture is guaranteed to have the virtues we claim for it, and if any deterioration is noticed, it must be from tampering with it by outside parties, as the only trouble we have had is from parties who have done so. Send for circular.

Corn, Meal, Oats, Cracked Corn,

And Feed of all kinds, in large or small quantities, at

S. A. FOWLE'S

ARLINGTON MILLS.

dec31-4w

J. HENRY HARTWELL,

Funeral and Furnishing

Illustration of a horse-drawn carriage.

UNDERTAKER,

ARLINGTON, MASS.

Residence, Mystic St. Office, Town Hall.

Personal attention will be given to all calls, and no pains will be spared to meet the wishes of those requiring the services of an Undertaker, in every particular.

COFFINS, CASKETS, ROBES,

of any desired pattern or required quality furnished at shortest notice.

HEARSE, CARRIAGES, FLOWERS, &c.,

SUPPLIED AS DESIRED.

Having had large experience, the subscriber feels sure of meeting in every particular the requirements of his business.

J. HENRY HARTWELL.

Arlington, Jan. 7, 1880.—47

Illustration of a horse-drawn carriage.

CALVIN ANDREWS,

Successor to W. C. Currier,

Hack, Livery and Boarding Stable,

Bucknam Court, Arlington.

Hacks and carriages furnished for Funerals, Weddings, Parties, etc. Single or double teams. Special pains will be taken to meet all reasonable demands.

Particular attention paid to boarding horses. Orders by mail or telegraph promptly attended to. July24-17

ARLINGTON COAL YARD

D. Richards,

DEALER IN

Coal, Wood, Hay, Grain,

Lime, Cement, Plaster,

MYSTIC ST., Arlington.

Opposite the Depot.

Orders for teaming, or men for jobbing purposes, promptly filled.

nov12-3m

J. O. GOODWIN,

CIVIL ENGINEER

AND SURVEYOR.

MEDFORD, - - MASS.

I am prepared to meet any demands for services in my line of business, at short notice, from Arlington or Belmont. Orders sent by mail or left with Dr. J. I. Peatfield, dentist, Room 4, Bank Building, Arlington, will receive prompt attention. Estates surveyed and divided. Streets laid out and grades established. Surveys and plans made for sewerage, drainage and water works. Accuracy and reasonable prices guaranteed.

J. O. GOODWIN.

For Sale or to Let.

One nice house, pleasantly located. Apply to C. S. PARKER, Real Estate Agt., Arlington.

Frederick Lemme,

FLORIST.

CHOICE GREEN-HOUSE FLOWERS,

Bequests, Anthers, Crowns and Ornaments.

FLORAL DECORATIONS.

Of every description.

PLANTS RE-POTTED WITH PREPARED SOIL.

PLEASANT ST., ARLINGTON MASS.

april2-47

SEAMSTRESS.

A THOROUGHLY competent SEAMSTRESS offers her services to the Ladies of Arlington and vicinity. She will make, alter, trim, and press all kinds of ladies' dresses, suits, etc., or will take service at the home, or in the office. Apply at this office.



doing as promptly as the news can be reported. Andrew Turner-Star, Cincinnati, O.



## Hidden Treasures.

There are gems as bright as precious,  
Lying hid beneath the ground,  
As those worn by lord or lady,  
Gems as fair as ever found.

There are virtues just as noble  
Hidden 'neath a load of care  
As those blazoned on the banner  
Which the conquering heroes bear.

There are hearts that beat as grandly,  
Thoughts that never have a pen,  
Treasures locked in sacred caskets  
Never praised by tongues of men.

Rarest gems are never discovered;  
Shallow, hidden in the earth,  
In the deepest caves of ocean  
Lies the pearl of richest worth.

Search among thy fellow-workers,  
Probe beneath the wound of toil,  
Sorely thou shalt find a diamond  
Hidden deep within the soil.

Hearts are bound in ribs of marble,  
Gems are bound in ribs of rock,  
Happy he who bursts the portal,  
Happy he who the gates unlock.

—By Emma V. Shattuck.

## SACRAMENTO.

It was an odd name for a girl—Sacramento.

So the girl herself thought as she stooped down beside a spring at the foot of a cottonwood tree and lazily dropped her pail into the water.

"It ought to have been given to a boy, if it was a fit name to give to anybody," she said, quite aloud. "But I'm more boy than girl anyway."

This last was added rather bitterly, as she looked at her brown, rough hands and her bare ankles, and thought of the "boys' work" she had to do.

And it was hard to believe that this was the best kind of a life for a young girl like Sacramento. Here she lived alone, for her father was down at the mouth of the canon all day. The garden work she was obliged to do, and the care of the cattle fell upon her. It was not often that she saw any person but her father, although now and then, in spite of herself, she came in contact with the rude men of the mining camp up above.

Yet Sacramento had her dream, one that she "scarcely dared to own," but it came to her often as she went about her work.

She knew that down at Santa Barbara and in the towns along the coast, and far, far away across wide stretches of the continent to the great East, there were girls who lived lives very different from her life; and she dreamed of such a life for herself.

"Oh, if I could only go away from here!" she cried out, almost as one cries for help. "If I could only go down to San Francisco and go to school there for a single year! Ah, if I only had five hundred dollars!"

Suddenly there was a step—not of a man, but a horse—on the bank behind her, and then some one spoke. She knew the voice without looking up. It was Pete Larrabee, a fellow who lived down on Hahnemann's plantation, two miles along the trail. He sometimes rode by. He had not heard her last words at all; yet strangely enough his own were a repetition of them.

"Five hundred dollars, Sac," said he. "Five hundred dollars in gold! Dye want ter earn it! There's yer chance," and he threw down to her a bit of paper crumpled into a ball.

She picked it up and slowly unfolded it ran her eyes over its contents.

### \$500 Reward.

The above amount will be paid for information leading to the arrest, dead or alive, of Walter Somers, who has worked for some time past on Maxwell's ranch. Said Somers is about eighteen years old and five and a half feet high, rather good-looking, with light, curly hair, blue eyes and a light mustache. When last seen he had on a black slouch hat, gray business suit with blue flannel shirt, and boots with red tops marked with maker's name.

The name of the county sheriff was signed at the bottom of the bill. Sacramento, having glanced it through, looked up.

"He's been stealin' horses," exclaimed Pete. "Got off last night with four of Maxwell's best somerses. That reward won't do much good, though. They Regulators'll lasso him an' string him up long 'fore their law'll git started. They're havin' a meetin' now up at the Gulch. I tell ye, they're mad. They'll make quick work of they ketch him. Yer father's there. Ye needn't look far him home after night much."

Then, after a word or two more, the man rode on; and presently Sacramento took up her pail and with the sheriff's bill still in her hand went slowly up the bank and across the trail toward the house, thinking very seriously about the five hundred dollars all the while.

It was some hours after this, and the afternoon sun was going down behind the tops of the mountains, that Sacramento, having finished her housework, was preparing to sit down on the porch to do her sewing when she was met in the doorway by a young man she had never seen before.

And yet he was no stranger. The girl knew him instantly, although the slouch hat was pulled down over the flaxen hair and blue eyes, and the gray pants, torn and muddy, had been drawn out of the boot legs so as to no longer allow the red tops of the boots with the maker's name to be seen. It was the horse thief!

She did not, however, express any surprise as she saw him. She was accustomed to the sight of rough, evil men; and at the first glance she had felt that this one could not be either very wicked or very dangerous. He was not much more than a lad, and had a air of gentleness and good-breeding about him that six months of Western life and the miserable plight he was in at the moment had by no means destroyed. He seemed to be short for breath, too, and was trembling as if he had been running.

Instinctively he raised his hand toward his hat and then, bethinking himself, dropped it again.

"Could you give me something to eat and drink?" he asked, in a hesitating voice. "Anything will do. I am very hungry. I—I have had nothing to eat since last night."

"Come in," said Sacramento, gravely. In her voice was neither kindness or unkindness. She was trying to realize the situation she was in. "Come in and sit down."

Then she went into the closet near by and began taking down from the shelves milk and bread and meat, as she slowly did so turning over the matter in her mind. Here was this man who had been stealing horses and for whose capture five hundred dollars was offered, in her kitchen. Five hundred dollars! Exactly the sum she had been wishing for—the sum that would take her down to San Francisco to school and help her make a lady of herself. And this sum might be hers if she could in some way secure this stranger or somehow keep him in the house until help arrived. Help? Why, she hardly needed help. He was weak and exhausted, and in the drawer of the kitchen table there was a loaded revolver which she knew well how to use.

She came out presently and set the things before him, bringing also a teapot from the stove and pouring for him a cup of tea. Then she went and sat down by the window and watched him furtively as he ate.

In spite of his caution he had taken off his hat while he was eating. She could better see what he was like. It was an almost boyish face, worn, but not wicked, with the curling hair lying in damp clusters upon his pale brow. In the hands, small and well-shaped, and in all his motions and manner she felt that she could read something of his story. She had heard before this how young lads in the East filled with romantic notions about Western life and adventure sometimes left their luxurious homes and found their way out to the ranches of the Pacific slope. Perhaps he was one of these.

As she looked at him, fancying all this, and realizing the terrible strain he was in, and the probable dark fate that was before him, her heart yearned with true womanly sympathy; and her feeling found expression before she was able to restrain herself.

"Oh, how could you do it? How could you do it?" she suddenly exclaimed, her voice quite full of what she felt.

He looked up at her in wonder; but as his eyes met hers he understood her.

"I did not do it. Upon my honor, I did not!" he said. "It was that man Dennis."

Sacramento breathed a great sigh of relief. Horse stealing was held in that section to be a crime worse than murder; and she was by no means free from the popular estimate of its grave nature.

"Oh, I am glad of that!" said she. "But—" She hesitated, and then went on doubtfully. "But then how was it? Why did they say it was you? And why did you run away?"

"It was Dennis' doings, their laying it to me. He did that to clear himself. And after that, you know as well as I do, there would have been no use in trying to prove myself innocent. They always hang a horse thief first and then consider his guilt afterward. I had to run to save my life."

"Do you know that there is a reward offered for your capture?"

"I know the Regulators are after me," answered the young fellow, sullenly. "They came pretty near catching me, too, this morn'. I just escaped them and came down the canon by the mountain trail. I have had a hard run for it, and what with no sleep or food for twenty-four hours I am about used up. I felt as though I could not go another step when I saw your house. You— you have been very good to me. I shall never forget!"

"But what are you going to do now?" interrupted Sacramento. "You are not safe here."

"I know it. But I threw them off the track at noon, and I do not think they are within five miles of me. Now I have had something to eat I will take to the woods again. I hope I may get away. If I don't—his voice trembled and tears came into his eyes. "If I don't, I shall get a hanging, I suppose. Oh, what a fool I was not to prefer home to this sort of thing. And yet, I wouldn't care so much either, if it wasn't for my father and mother. And there the poor fellow fairly broke down. "Hark!" Sacramento exclaimed. She had been crying, too; she could not help it.

They both listened. In a moment they heard plainly the sound of horses coming down the trail. The girl turned with instant self-possession.

"Go in there! Quick! Quick! There is not a moment to lose! Here, take your hat!"

And handing his hat to him she half-pushed him across the room and into her own little room that led off from it. Then she hurriedly cleared the table again, barely finishing the task as the horsemen halted at the door.

There were three of them. One was her father. Sacramento knew the other two men by sight. They were rough, but of the better sort of those who made up the dwellers in Kelly Gulch. The faces of all three were stern and forbidding, and they evidently had been riding hard. They dismounted together.

"Sac," began her father as he entered the door, "hev ye seen anything of a young chap, afoot or a-horseback, coming this way?"

Sacramento had expected the question and was ready for it. And she meant, if it were possible, to answer it without a lie.

"A young chap 'bout eighteen years of age and five feet and a half high, rather good-looking, and with red-top boots on?" he replied.

"Yes! Yes! That's him!" cried one of the other men, eagerly. "Have you seen him? Has he been here?"

"I was only quoting from this hand-bill," said Sacramento, taking the paper from the shelf where she had laid it.

"Then you hain't seen him at all?" asked her father.

"I have been right here all day, and nobody has gone by except Pete Larrabee. It was he who gave me the bill. Are you sure he came this way, the— the— horse thief?"

"No; but we didn't know but he might. The chances is that he sloped off to the mountains, meanin' ter go through Stove-pipe Pass. They'll git him, though, afore sundown."

"It's sundown now," observed Sacramento.

"Then they've got him now," was the sententious response. "And we should be too late for the hangin' of we sh'd go back. Leastways"—this was added to his companions—"you'd better come in and have a bite afore ye go."

So presently the three men sat down to the supper that the young girl quickly prepared for them. And while they were eating she herself, at her father's bidding, went out to take the saddle off Buena, his horse, and give him his feed. As she approached the door once more a few minutes later she heard words which caused her to stop and listen.

"I don't like ter say anything against that kid o' yours, neighbor," one of the men was saying, "but it hes kinder seemed ter me all ther while's though she sorter hed some 'at on her mind like. Ye don't 'spose she knows anything 'bout that young feller, arter all?" Sacramento's father laughed at this as though it was too absurd to be considered.

The other, however, was not to be laughed out of his suspicions.

"Fur we all know," persisted he, "she may hev him hid here somewhere on the premises."

"It's easy enough to see," returned the proprietor of the said "premises," testily. "Where d'ye think she's hid him? In her bedroom?"

As he said this Sacramento, who was now near enough to see into the kitchen, saw her father rise from his chair and step to the door of the room where she had concealed the fugitive. Her heart almost stopped beating as she saw him push open the door and enter the room, followed by his companions.

"We'll make a clus search of it while we're about it," she heard him say within.

And then she stood there in terrible suspense upon the porch, expecting every instant to hear the shout that would follow the discovery of the fugitive.

But no such shout was heard; and instead of it, a moment after, the two men came out again, her father still laughing at his friend.

What could it mean? Had the young man been able to conceal himself in the room and so evade their search? That was not possible. Then she thought of the window. Could he have escaped from the room by that? The window was so small she could scarcely believe that he could have crept through it. And yet he must have done so.

She went hurriedly to the back of the house, and then down beyond the horse sheds. No one could be seen. She halted a moment under a live-oak tree just at the edge of the garden. The evening was very calm and still, and the twilight shadows were deepening fast. Was it the rustling of the wind in the boughs overhead that caught her ear? She listened.

"Hie! I am here—in the tree!"

The words came in a distinct whisper from directly above her.

She stood and thought a single moment before replying. Then she said, "You must get away from here at once," in an eager whisper. "One of the men suspects something, and they may at any moment make a search of the place. I am going into the house a minute. Get down at once and go through the garden and across the trail to a spring that you will find there. It's at the foot of a big cottonwood tree. Stay right there until I come."

Then she went back hurriedly to the house. The three men were still sitting at the table, and Sacramento felt rather than saw that one of them still regarded her suspiciously as she came in. She did not speak to them at all, but went directly through the kitchen to her own room, and in a moment came out, went about her work in the kitchen, and took up a pail apparently to go to the spring for water.

Ten minutes later, standing in the shadow of the cottonwood, young Somers heard a step, and then Sacramento, leading Buena all saddled and bridled, appeared. He started forward. "Hush!" she said; "they may come out at any moment. Listen to what I say. Your life depends upon it. You must ride straight down the trail for a quarter of a mile. Then, close by a big cottonwood, just like this, you will strike a path to the left. Buena will know it, once you get him in it. It will bring you out, half a mile on, at a corduroy road that crosses the swamp. This end of the corduroy has got out of order and there are some logs laid. Lead Buena across and then pull the logs away. If you can do that it will make trouble for those who follow you. Beyond the swamp is a big plain. Strike straight across it, keeping the moon square on your right—the moon will be up by that time—and three hours riding will bring you to the new railroad. After that—God help you to get safe away!"

Sacramento paused and put out her hand. "Can you remember?" she demanded.

"Can, but I can never forget—" "Never mind that. Here, take this. It is a little money. You will need it. Now mount and ride—slowly, a little way, and then for your life."

The young man still had hold of her hand. The tears came into his eyes. The next morning Sacramento told her father the story and coaxed him into forgiving her. And the following afternoon a man brought Buena over from the railroad town; and then she knew that the fugitive was safe.

Six weeks later a lawyer from Santa Barbara appeared with a letter from Walter Somers. He was with his friends at New York, and he begged Sacramento to accept, as a gift of gratitude, at least the amount of the reward that had been offered.

And so it was that she went down to San Francisco to school that winter, after all.—*Youth's Magazine*.

A little land is not enough to build a house on, because a man wants a lot.

## SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Paraffin has been recommended by a French authority as the best material for the preservation of eggs. One kilogramme is said to be sufficient to coat and preserve 3,000 eggs.

The great equatorial telescope at the new observatory in Nice will be one of the largest in the world, having an object glass three feet in diameter and a focal length of fifty feet.

Burning of sulphur is said to be very efficacious in preventing contagion from cholera. The use of carbolic acid alone does not produce an effect comparable to that of sulphur fumes.

In the majority of soils the lime percentage is greater in the subsoil than the surface soil. This is due to the easy solubility of calcic carbonate in the soil water, which carries it downward.

When a drop of nitric acid is allowed to remain a few moments upon the surface of a piece of metal filed until it is bright and clean, a pale ashy-gray spot is left if the metal is wrought iron, a brownish black if steel, a deep black if iron. The carbon present in various proportions produces the difference in color. This is, therefore, considered a sure test.

The curious phenomenon of phosphorescent ice, observed in the Arctic regions, has been discovered by Mr. J. Allen. Whenever the observer saw a lump of ice shattered at night by the vessel carrying him, he perceived a peculiar light emitted by the frozen fragments. The light is very much like that produced by breaking a piece of sugar in the dark.

In a recent address Dr. Siemens commended the open fireplace for its sanitary advantages. Unlike radiating stoves it warms the walls and furniture of a room more than the air. If the air within a room is hotter than the walls moisture condenses on the latter, causing mildew and fermentation, with resulting liability to disease on the part of the occupants of the room.

A curious application of electricity is now employed in the Spanish army. Conscripts wishing to escape military service have, it seems, often resorted to the trick of bending the body while being measured, so as to bring their stature below the limit prescribed for the service.

To prevent fraud of this kind is the object of the new device. When the man is standing perfectly erect the backs of the legs at the knees press against electric contacts, causing two bells to ring, while a third bell is similarly rung by pressure of the head. For a correct measurement the three bells should ring simultaneously. The ringing ceases when there is the least bending.

## HEALTH HINTS.

A small cup of warm milk containing a teaspoonful of lime water may be given frequently in cases of "bowel complaint."—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly*.

The practice of drinking stimulants as aids to work is a serious mistake; it checks the desire for wholesome food, leads to excess, and sooner or later injures the health.

Variety of diet is of importance to health; the stomach gets weary of a repetition of the same diet every day. Hurry at meals is to be avoided—eat slowly and chew it well.

Bodily toil and manual labor can be best supported by a vegetable diet, as bread, porridge, etc., with the addition of milk, eggs, butter and cheese; meat is much inferior to these as a supplier of strength.

The majority of people, says Dr. Foote's Health Monthly, are apt to neglect the feet. Frequent bathing of the feet in water in which a small quantity of borax has been placed is conducive to health and comfort. Ammonia and bay rum, though cleansing, have a tendency to dry the skin and close the pores. Hosiery should be frequently changed, and the feet, ankles and calves of the legs anointed with healing oil or salve. Never use cheap or highly-perfumed soap, as it has a tendency to dry and parch the skin, and so close the pores as to prove very injurious to health. Castile, olive-oil and other vegetable-oil soaps are the best for the flesh.

## Italian Superstition and Feeling.

Babies and animals are great sufferers from the prevalent superstitions among the peasants. Babies are branded at the back of the neck and dogs on the forehead to keep them from harm. When I remonstrated with a "contadina" for keeping her dog without water, using the only argument I thought likely to have any weight with her—that it might probably go mad—"Oh, there is no fear," she replied; "he has been branded with the 'ferro di S. Antonio,' so no harm can come near him," showing me an ugly scar on the poor brute's forehead. The utter indifference to sufferings of animals displayed by all classes of Italians seems an anomaly in such a kind-hearted race. It does not proceed from any love of cruelty, but from mere thoughtlessness. The feeling of the peasants are not often deep or refined. The loss of money or money's worth is thought more of than the loss of children, of parents, or of friends. Many a time that I have passed a cottage and asked after a little child I had seen playing at the door, the mother has replied in a cheerful voice, "It has gone to Paradise," but if one of the huge, sleek oxen should come to an untimely end, oh! then the grief is most noisy and overwhelming—men, women and children throw themselves on the ground, tear their hair, beat their breasts and howl as if possessed. I once came upon a peasant of my acquaintance weeping by the roadside. "I have had a terrible loss," he sobbed. "I have lost a pig, a fine one, a good one, a pig that I had raised from a little piglet, and I have lost it!"

"What a loss!" I exclaimed, sympathetically. "Grip," in that dialect, means a pig; "it was a cow." As if I must surely understand what a much greater misfortune that was.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

## THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

### The Care of Tools and Farm Implements.

Dollar after dollar dwindles imperceptibly but surely away on many farms during the winter season because reapers and mowers, seed-drills, plows and harrows are left just where they were last employed to bear the injurious effects of pelting storms and dry winds. Tools worn or loosened and calling for simple repairs are used until past mending, and yet it is the leisure season of the whole year.

A few hours spent each day by the farmer and his boys in the repair shop or, barn cleaning and oiling machines, painting wagon-bodies and repairing wheels and axles, replacing rake-teeth, tightening hoe-handles, sharpening the knives to reaping machines, making rollers and stump-pullers, etc., would not only save unnecessary loss in actual dollars and cents, but a vast amount of time, anxiety and annoyance in the spring when the rush of work leaves little or no time in which to make repairs or supply the place of lost tools.

There are a variety of mixtures that may be applied to the iron parts of implements to prevent rusting, the cheapest of which is grease that has not been salted. An excellent article for the protection of steel or iron may be prepared by melting lard and common rosin slowly together and stirring the mixture until it cools. When required in large quantities it may be made in the proportion of about six pounds of lard to two of rosin. If only a small amount is desired, a piece of rosin the size of a hen's egg will suffice for one pound of lard. This mixture can be applied with a cloth to the metal surface, giving it a thin coat. The rosin prevents the lard from becoming rancid and the grease excludes the air and moisture.

Previous to applying any protective wash, machinery should be thoroughly cleaned and the bearings wiped and oiled with castor oil or other lubricant. Castor oil, by the way, is counted among the best of oils for iron axles. A wheel well lubricated will not only revolve readily but runs much longer than when oiled with cheaper sort of grease.

It is also economy to look after the woodwork of tools and machinery. Alternate wetting and drying soon injures any wood, causing cracking and final decay. This may be prevented by the timely and occasional application of some cheap paint. When woodwork from exposure has become cracked it is advised to give it a wash of crude petroleum previous to an external coat of paint. Petroleum not only improves all wooden tools, but is alike valuable for rustic furniture, such as arbors, garden chairs and vases that are exposed to the weather. Gas tar is sometimes employed as a paint for wagon wheels. A correspondent who has made use of it in this way says that it forms a hard, durable black polish, somewhat like Japan on tinware, and dries in the summer sun—on wood in one day and on iron in two days. A good black paint for coarse iron work, according to the *American Journal of Industry*, may be made by mixing plumbago with hot coal tar. Equal parts of asphaltum and rosin dissolved in common turpentine, says the same authority, make also a good cheap covering for heavy iron work.

To preserve harness, leather-belt and the like, keep in some dry, airy place; take apart occasionally and thoroughly clean and oil every portion. Never oil harness until it has first been relieved of all dirt; scrape off the thickest accumulation of mud, etc., with a dull knife, then remove the rest with a wet cloth. If oiled previous to cleaning the oil soaking through the dirt into the leather carries with it fine particles into the pores of the leather, thereby rendering it hard and stiff. For harness common neatfoot oil is excellent, but when mice and rats abound pure castor oil is better, for these vermin do not like it. Apply the oil with an old woolen cloth, putting on as much as will rub in and dry readily. After oiling harness and belting let it hang for two or three days in some warm, airy place and expose to the sunshine when that is practicable. Never keep leather appliances of any sort in a dark, damp place.—*New York World*.

### Farm and Garden Notes.

Sheep give back to the farm more in proportion to what they take from it, than any other animal.

Do not allow the cattle to tramp over the mowings when the ground is soft enough to retain the imprint of their hoofs wherever they go.

Frequently after squashes begin to blossom they dry up and die. For this disaster no one has yet been able to give a satisfactory cause.

Strawberries are much more prolific when four or five different varieties are planted together, although each variety may be a perfect one, than if but one perfect variety were planted alone.

The opinion has generally prevailed that a little bran mixed with meal would produce more pork than clear meal, but in some experiments lately tried it was found that clear meal made more pork than a mixture of bran and meal.

Professor Brewer of the Sheffield Scientific school, New Haven, says: "On account of the value of our straw and of the stalks of our corn for feeding it is found that an acre of corn, wheat or other grain pays as large a profit here as at the West, and that the labor of each man is as well or better paid."

The best thing to do with inferior stock, when the price of grain and other feed is high as it is now, is to fatten them quickly, if possible, and sell them or dispose of them in some other way. Better give them away than, by keeping them, to deprive the better animals of an abundance of food.

A correspondent of the *London Live Stock Journal* cured a horse of the bad habit of rearing when mounted by providing himself with a bottle of water, and dashing the contents "with violence on its head." The moment it began to get upon its hind feet. A second application was never needed.

The Flemish farmer scrupulously collects every atom of sewage from the

towns, he guards his manure like a treasure, puts a roof over it to prevent rain and sunshine from spoiling it; he also gathers mud from rivers and canals, and the excretions of animals along the highways, for conversion into phosphates.

Store cattle, or dry cows, may be kept on the poorest forage until the cows come in, when they should have as good food as can be afforded. So the best way to manage will be to feed up the poorest stuff first. If it is found that the corn-fodder is injured by the blackening and mildewing effects of the rains it should be fed before the hay; but if it has been secured in good order before sustaining any damage it may be as well to feed it last, or after the hay is pretty well fed out. This is of importance mainly as the feeding season will have to be well extended into summer next year, or until soiling crops can be obtained.

### Recipes.

GRIDDLE CAKES.—Take a cupful each of sweet milk and sour milk, a tablespoonful cream or other shortening, sift a scant half-teaspoonful cream tartar in the flour; dissolve a half-teaspoonful soda in a little water; stir in flour to make a thin batter; have the griddle hot and buttered, dip on a spoonful at a time and fry a light brown.

APPLE CREAM.—Peel and core one pound of apples, place them in a stew-pan with eight ounces of sugar and a pinch of ground nutmeg. Let cook until tender; pass the apples through a sieve and let get cold. Whisk up rather stiff half a pint of cream, add the apple pulp, a little essence of lemon, one ounce of isinglass boiled in a gill of water; mix well together; pour into a jelly mold and let set. When required dip the mold into warm water for half a minute, wipe it with a cloth and turn it out on a glass or silver dish. Garnish with red flowers and slices of lemon.

MASHED POTATOES.—Boil the potatoes gently, after having made them as nearly uniform in size as possible, by dividing the larger ones, or what is better, by slicing all, but not very thinly. As soon as the fork goes through readily turn the water off (saying that for mixing your bread if you bake the same day), then mash through a colander into the same kettle or sauce-pan. Add butter and cream and salt, and with a long-handled spoon beat a few minutes briskly. Set the saucepan where it will thoroughly heat again, and your potatoes will be a noticeable feature of the best of dinners.

NOODLE.—"Noodle," if properly made, is a great addition to soup, and is preferred by many people to the best "A. B. C. macaroni." For a family of four two eggs will be sufficient; beat them until they are very light; stir in flour as long as it is possible to work it in; salt it well; roll it out on a kneading-board until it is almost as thin as paper and is perfectly smooth; put a clean paper on a chair or table near the stove and lay the noodle on it to dry. It should be prepared early enough in the morning for it to dry for an hour at least. About twenty minutes before the soup is taken from the stove take the noodle and stir it over and over until you have a strip three or four inches wide; then with a sharp knife cut it in narrow strips; put these in the soup and let them cook from ten to fifteen minutes. Beef soup, with noodle, and a pinch of curry powder, is a dish to be "somewhat considered."

### Household Hints.

Alum is one of the best additions to make whitewash of lime that will not rub off. When powdered chalk is used, glue water is also good, but would not answer for outside work exposed to much rain.

That rustic black Italian crape may be restored by dipping in skimmed milk and water, with a bit of fine glue dissolved in it and made scalding hot. It should be clapped and pulled dry, like muslin.

Common soda is excellent for scouring tin; as it will not scratch the tin and will make it look like new. Apply with a piece of moistened newspaper and polish with a dry piece. Wood ashes are a good substitute.

Mildew may be removed from linen by mixing with soft soap a little powdered starch, half the quantity of salt, and the juice of a lemon, and applying it to the mildew stain with a paint brush on both sides of the linen. The stained article should then be left out on the grass day and night until the spot be removed.

### A Remarkable Gun.

In the late war between Chili and Peru a curious accident befell an eight-inch Armstrong gun on board the Chilean warship Angamos. The last time it was fired, the gun which was on deck slipped out of the trunnion ring, flew backward across the ship and leaped into the sea. This was the singular end of a rather remarkable history. The gun was supplied to the Chileans before the war by Sir William Armstrong's firm, and proved a formidable terror to Peru. The Angamos was previously an Irish pig-boat, and was acquired by Chili for the purpose of carrying this one gun, which, standing off at long ranges of 10,000 yards or so, the could do with impunity. The Peruvians at length sent out their fleet of gunboats to destroy this vagabond antagonist, when the other Chilean ships, with their short range guns, came into action and drew off the gunboats, all but one, which was sent to engage the Angamos at close quarters. The Armstrong gun, however, sent a shower of Shrapnel bullets on to her decks and the gunboat retreated. As she was nearing port, a pot shot from the eight-inch gun, fired at long range and high elevation, managed to hit and sink her. The gun therefore did plenty of hard work and valuable service before it finally gave way and was lost to the sea.

Some one says talk is cheap, but when in the arms of a woman, and when to be used to the best.







**REMOVAL!**  
**J. S. MERRILL & SON,**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN  
**PAPER HANGINGS,**  
**WINDOW SHADES,**  
And Proprietors of  
Merrill's Pat. Picture Hooks  
—AND—  
Merrill's Patent Wall Hooks,  
Have Removed to  
**26 & 28 WASHINGTON STREET.**

**SHUTTER BOARDS.**  
**Nice Lot of Boards, got out especially for Shutter for Hot Beds.**  
Any one in want will be suited at Wharf, No. 69 Main Street, Cambridgeport.  
deed10—tf  
**GEO. W. GALE,**  
Lumber Dealer.  
**COMMONWEALTH**  
INSURANCE COMPANY.  
**R. W. HILLIARD,** - - - Agent.  
deed10—ly

**Arlington Advocate,** Charles S. Parker  
**FOR 1882.**  
Enlarged to Eight Pages! Improved in Every Department!  
IT SHOULD BE A WEEKLY VISITOR IN EVERY HOME IN TOWN.  
*The Best Local Paper published in this section.*  
**SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 PER YEAR.**  
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.  
We can offer no special inducements for subscribers in the way of premiums, our somewhat narrow field for circulation not affording the scope required for a premium list. Our aim is to publish a MODEL COUNTRY paper, "devoted to our local interests," richly worth the subscription price, leaving the wider field of general journalism to those whose mission seems to lie in that direction. In this endeavor we hope to be met by a generous support that will make other improvements possible in the near future. We mean to at least keep pace with the times; to take advantage of every suggestion that will increase the influence of the paper, which we promise to use to forward the interests of the town, defend its honor, and to draw to it those who shall not only seek to obtain the good things that it has to offer, but bring with them something to add to the general store.

**Real Estate**  
**AGENT**  
**Swan's Block,**  
Arlington Avenue, Arlington

**EDITORIAL NOTES.**  
Ex-Gov. Alexander H. Bullock died in his home in Worcester on Tuesday, Jan. 17. He was born at Royalston, Mass., March 2, 1816, graduated at Amherst college in 1838, was admitted to the bar in 1841, and was a member of the lower branch of the state legislature in 1845, '47, '48, '51 and '52. He was elected a member of the state senate in 1849, and mayor of Worcester ten years later. He was a commissioner of insolvency in 1853, judge of insolvency from 1856 to 1859, and was elected Governor of Massachusetts in 1861. In the three following years he was successively re-elected. In 1866, he received the degree of LL. D., from Harvard university. Since 1869, Gov. Bullock has lived a life of elegant leisure and scholarly research, at his home, in Worcester, giving attention to the business of the local banks and State Mutual Life Insurance Company, with which he was connected, and occasionally appearing in public to deliver dignified addresses before educational institutions and other bodies. He has spent a portion of his time in Europe with his family, and during the winter was frequently in New York. He was offered the English mission by President Hayes, when Minister Welsh resigned, but declined the position. He had also declined other flattering offers of official position.  
Peterson's Magazine for February is already before us, more brilliant than ever. Nothing could excel the principal steel plate, "Fast Caught," or the sparkling story it illustrates. The colored pattern in Kensington sash, "Design for Pansies," is one of those costly things found only in "Peterson." The literary matter is even better than usual. Both the novels, that by Mrs. Stephens, and that by Mrs. Austin, increase in power as they go on. The other stories are all superior, those by Frank Lee Benedict and Mrs. Demerit especially so. The illustrations for fashions, for work-table patterns, etc., etc., number nearly fifty, and are alone worth the price of the number. It is a standing wonder to us how so fine a magazine can be published at so low a price; the puzzle is only to be explained by the immense circulation "Peterson" has attained; the ladies have learned that they cannot afford to be without it. If you have not subscribed for it already, lose no time, but subscribe at once. Or, better still, get up a club and earn a copy free. The price is but two dollars a year, with great deductions to clubs. Specimens are sent, gratis, if written for, to those wishing to get up clubs. Address Charles J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

[Correspondence.]  
**THE OLD HOMES.**  
MR. EDITOR:—I take pleasure in contributing the following to your collection of historical data concerning the town.  
Houses on the Main street in Arlington in 1794, from the River (now Alewife brook) to the corner of Medford street. Prepared from a draft recently made from recollection by Mrs. Rebecca Whittemore, of Arlington, now aged 96 years (December, 1881).

(FROM RIVER.)  
(NORTH SIDE.)  
Thomas Whittemore.  
Deborah Butterfield.  
Samuel Hunt.  
An old house.  
Aaron and Sally Cook.  
Joseph Belknap.  
Samuel Whittemore (now standing, with additions).  
Edward Russell.  
The Pin-nis House.  
Widow Hill.  
The Foster House.  
Francis House, used for a bakery (now standing).  
Thomas Hall (now standing, with additions).  
William Whittemore, school teacher.  
Solomon Bowman (now standing, with additions).  
Blacksmith Shop.  
Tavern, kept by Josiah Whittemore.  
(SOUTH SIDE.)  
Jonathan Whittemore (now standing, with additions).  
Samuel Butterfield.  
Pond Lane.  
Mr. Learned.  
Patten Russell.  
John Cook.  
Mrs. Jones.  
Jason Belknap.  
Training Fields.  
Gershom Williams.  
James Cutler (now standing, with additions).  
Pond Lane.  
Thomas Beals (in 1808, Amos Whittemore).  
Nathan Robbins.  
We would add, the accuracy of the above can be depended upon. The effort certainly is interesting and worth preserving.

**STATE HOUSE NOTES.**  
Pursuant to the suggestion of several members of the House, all its members were asked, at its adjournment Monday, to assemble in the Blue Room. There was a very general response to this invitation. Mr. E. P. Brown of Boston called the meeting to order, and Mr. Canterbury of Weymouth was chosen to preside. Mr. Brown stated that it had been summoned to ascertain whether the House of this year would follow the precedent of that of last year and have a dinner. He moved that a committee of seven be appointed to arrange for a House dinner. Mr. Craig of Walpole was then chosen clerk, and Mr. Brown's motion was passed. Under the chairmanship of Messrs. Brown of Boston, Hayden of Woburn, Nason of Boston, Shores of Lee, Forbes of Westboro, Porter of Quincy, and Reed of Taunton. On motion of Mr. Fowler, of Salem, it was voted that the price per plate be not more than \$2, and that no liquors be provided for the tables by the committee.

Supreme Judicial Court, before Judge Virgin, Arthur O. Frost vs. Henry J. Holland. Action for malicious prosecution. The plaintiff in this action was arraigned before Commissioner Rand, December 24, 1880, on complaint of the U. S. District Attorney upon a charge of passing a counterfeit trade dollar. He was discharged, it appearing that the trade dollar was not counterfeit, and now brings this suit claiming damages in the sum of \$1,000. Verdict for plaintiff for \$432.50.—*Portland (Me.) Press.*

[Correspondence.]  
**THE WATER QUESTION.**  
LEXINGTON, Jan. 18, 1882.  
MR. EDITOR:—Do the citizens of Lexington need a better water supply, for fire and domestic purposes? This is a question, which, if asked of each resident of the town, would, I think, be answered, in almost every case, most emphatically that they do; and it is a question, which in the near future must be answered, not by mere words, but by action towards supplying that need which is being felt more and more each year. I believe the sooner that action is taken, the better for the town and the citizens generally. It is a well known fact that the supply of water in both of the villages, in case of fire, is woefully deficient; and because we have been so fortunate in the past in having no large fires, is no argument that we shall not, almost any day or night, be called upon to witness the destruction of the most valuable part of our public and private buildings, and shall be able to do but little except stand by and see the work of destruction go on.

Is this right? Is it encouraging? Is it economy to maintain a fire department and not furnish it the means to do effective service, and when there is a fire, to sneer at their endeavors to save property and blame them for not doing more. But it is not for fire purposes alone that we need a better supply of pure water.

We need it for all domestic purposes. At present we depend almost wholly on shallow wells or cisterns, the cisterns, probably, the purest of our water as a rule. The soil of a larger part of the town being of a loose, gravelly nature, allows any impurities from the surface, or other point to quickly and easily filter through it and contaminate our wells and springs, and the worst feature of this is, that the contamination commences in so gradual a manner that we are liable to use the water for some time after it becomes impure, and are made aware of the fact only in some unpleasant or alarming way.

Now can all this be remedied without too large an outlay of money? Can it be done with an expenditure which is within our means, and which will not lay too heavy a burden upon the citizens of the town? It seems to me that it can. I am informed that there is a company, legally chartered, and properly organized, who are ready to proceed to the erection of the necessary works to furnish the town with an ample supply of pure water, for both fire and domestic use, and what is better yet, they do not ask the town (as has been done in many places) to burden itself with a heavy debt, in order to do this work. All the assistance which they ask from the town, is that it will pay a fair and reasonable sum for the use of hydrants, to be located at proper points, for use in the case of fire, and this seems to be a perfectly fair and just thing for the town to do.

If we can secure a supply of pure water on these terms, with the assurance that private takers will be furnished for as low or lower price than is done in other towns, is it not wise to do so; shall we not be sorry if we allow the opportunity to pass unimproved.

The following is a rule for discerning small pox, published by the Cincinnati Times.  
"Whenever you see pimples depressed in the centre you may take that as a sign of small pox. Small pox pustules appear first on the face, then on the neck and hands, and afterward on the body. At first they are the size and have the solidity of small shot, but a lay-man would not be able to judge of them until on and after the fourth day, when they become depressed in the centre and surrounded by a circle of pink that turns a dark crimson. These pimples are often so thick that they run together. There is an odor accompanying the disease that, once noticed, can not be forgotten."

**OUR REPORTER'S WORK**  
IN LEXINGTON.  
—Copy for a new supplement to Cary Library is in the hands of the printer, and they will be ready for delivery the last of next week. Sickness of the librarian has delayed matters a trifle.  
—Adams Hall, East Lexington, was the scene of another pleasant dancing party on the evening of Jan. 17. Ramsey Bro.'s Band, of Waltham, furnished the music.  
—Massachusetts House, Lexington, seems to be the favorite resort for sleighing parties from far and near. No place we know of has such a delightfully attractive hall, and the other attractions of the house are in keeping.

—The residence of Mr. Charles Wetherbee, on Waltham street, was the scene of a happy party, on the evening of Jan. 13, when a company of neighbors and friends, numbering fully seventy, met to congratulate Mr. W. on the recurrence of a birth day. They brought with them a handsome mantle clock, which was gracefully presented by Hon. B. T. Batcheller. A feature of no small importance was the bountiful supper provided, but some of the most pleasing recollections of the party will be the social pleasures enjoyed by most of those participating in the surprise.

—Mr. C. A. Fowle, station agent, is again prostrated with sickness.  
—Don't forget that Mr. Charles T. West represents some of the best insurance companies in the country.

—Mr. Leonard A. Saville has a stock of standard groceries second to none, and in the line of fancy and choice goods has a line worth inspecting. He will supply any thing in this line that may be lacking.  
—Walcott & Litchfield have a fine lot of horses, and a complete outfit in any desired style of turnout.

—F. A. Kennedy's teams have taken a large lot of hay from Valley Field farm, during the past week.

—The regular entertainment of the Y. P. M. I. Association occurs next Monday evening, in the Baptist church parlors.

—"Straws show which way the wind blows." A load collapsed in East Lexington, last Thursday morning.

—"The City Ice Co." sent their horses and teams through town a day or two ago, on their way to harvest the annual ice crop.

—The E. L. Dramatic Club will give an entertainment at the Village Hall, East Lexington, Friday evening, Jan. 27th, when will be presented the pleasing drama "Sylvia's Soldier," to be followed with the comedy, "Two flats and one sharp." The performance will begin at 8 o'clock, doors open at 7.15.

—The net income of the late coffee party in aid of St. Bridget's church, Lexington was about one hundred dollars;—to be exact, \$106.00

—A merry party of "Young America" enjoyed excellent coasting on Concord Hill, last Saturday evening.

—A bulky horse, refusing to draw a load of lumber, attracted a crowd in front of the Post Office, Wednesday evening. Another animal was procured to draw the load to its destination.

—The cigar dealers in town have invested in fancy lighters—"the news boy,"—which now adorn their counters. They are a great convenience to smokers.

**BEDFORD BRIEFS,**  
BY WEBB.  
The third annual ball of the Shawheen Engine company, on the 12th inst., must have been satisfactory to the members and their guests, for they made a night of it, and didn't "go home till morning."

Meetings at the Congregational church were continued from the week of prayer till Monday night. The pastor was assisted during the latter part of the time, by Mr. George Sanborn, an evangelist endorsed by the Boston Young Men's Christian Association. There was an increase of interest manifested all the close.

Two young men from a neighboring town disgraced themselves, a few days since, by giving a public object lesson in the evils of intemperance on the street. After a narrow escape from a serious accident, by the upsetting of the sleigh and running of the horse, they retired, quietly, if not sobered men.

The cold snap on Wednesday morning sent the mercury down to 15 and 20 degrees below zero.  
Rev. Mr. Russell, the new pastor of the Unitarian church, has removed his family into town and commenced house-keeping.

Rev. Wm. Barrows, of Boston, gave an interesting and instructive lecture in the course of lectures and entertainments on Tuesday evening on "Out West; Where and What."

—The Arlington Glass Ball Club, an organization existing some time ago, got together again Thursday afternoon, on the old grounds, and had a good time shooting at glass balls, pigeons, etc. Omar Whittemore made the best shot, and J. W. Bonoe the next.

**RENEW YOUR LEASE.** There are times in every one's life when energy fails and a miserable feeling comes over them, mistaken for laziness. Danger lurks in these symptoms, as they arise from diseased organs. Parker's Ginger-Tonic will restore perfect activity to the stomach, liver and kidneys, purify the blood, and renew your lease of health and comfort.—*Advertiser.*

**BEST QUALITIES OF**  
**COAL!**  
—FURNISHED AT THE—  
**Lowest Market Prices.**  
**WARREN A. PEIRCE,**  
DEALER IN  
**Coals, Wood, Hay, Lime, CEMENT, Etc.**

**YARDS AND OFFICES:**  
Arlington Heights and Lexington.  
Orders left at M. Rowe's Grocery Store, Arlington Avenue, and at East Lexington depot, will receive prompt attention.  
P. O. address Box 175, Arlington.

**ASA COTTRELL,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
27 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON,  
Next door to the Baptist Church, Main Street, in LEXINGTON.

**CHARLES T. WEST,**  
**INSURANCE AGENT,**  
LEXINGTON, MASS.  
Office at W. A. Peirce's Coal Yard. Insurance effected in Mutual and Stock Companies as desired. Personal attention to all kinds of insurance business.  
oct23—ly

**WM. H. SMITH,**  
DEALER IN  
**Boots, Shoes, Dry Goods, AND FANCY GOODS,**  
Smith's Block, Main St., Lexington.

**SMITH & CO.'S**  
**Lexington & Boston Express.**  
BOSTON OFFICE, 33 COURT SQUARE. Order Box at H. Locke's, 42 Faneuil Hall Market. Office at Lexington, Lexington Cash Store. Office at East Lexington at Post Office and at R. W. Holbrook's.  
FURNITURE MOVING. lydec 24

**WALCOTT & LITCHFIELD,**  
HACK, BOARDING AND LIVERY STABLE,  
Main St., opp. Post Office, Lexington, - - - Mass.

Depot Carriage (two-horse, covered), at every train. Office of Railroad express at stable office.

**L. G. BABCOCK,**  
**Druggist & Apothecary,**  
NORRIS BLOCK,  
MAIN STREET, LEXINGTON.

Post Office and office of W. U. Telegraph in rear of store.  
**JACKSON BROTHERS,**  
DEALERS IN  
**PROVISIONS,**  
Norris Block, Main Street, Lexington, - - - Mass.

**LEXINGTON CASH STORE**  
FINE  
**Groceries,**  
Extra Qualities Flour,

**Choice Tea,**  
**ROBINSON'S BLOCK,**  
opposite Town Hall,  
LEXINGTON, - - - MASS.

**F. R. WILLIS,**  
DEALER IN  
**DRY & FANCY GOODS,**  
Gent's Furnishings, Boots & Shoes  
Norris Block, - - - Lexington.

**ARTHUR O. GOTT,**  
**WATCHMAKER,**  
AT THE  
POST OFFICE, - - - LEXINGTON.  
Special attention given to repairing fine Watches, Clocks, Jewels, etc. Watches for sale.

**JAMES S. MERRIAM,**  
**House Painter,**  
LEXINGTON, MASS.  
Shop next to Memorial Hall Building. Every branch of the painting business attended to.

**AUGUSTUS CHILDS,**  
DEALER IN  
**GROCERIES**  
Post Office Building,  
Main Street, Lexington, Mass.  
Everything in the line of Groceries.

**LYMAN LAWRENCE,**  
Manufacturer and Dealer in  
**Fine & Heavy Harnesses,**  
**WHIPS, ROBES, BLANKETS, TRUNKS, BRUSHES, &c.,**  
AND ALL ARTICLES USUALLY FOUND IN A FIRST-CLASS HARNESS SHOP.  
In addition to the above he keeps constantly on hand a full line of  
**BUILDERS' AND CARPENTERS' HARDWARE AND TOOLS AT BOTTOM PRICES,**  
Nails, Screws, Hinges and Carpenter's Supplies Generally.  
JAN1-82  
**MAIN STREET, LEXINGTON, MASS.**

**Leonard A. Saville,**  
**GROCCER,**  
Main St., - - Lexington.  
A full line of seasonable goods for  
**ALL CLASSES**  
AND FOR  
**ALL SEASONS!**  
CONSISTING OF  
**CHOICE BRANDS OF FLOUR,**  
**Teas, Coffee, Chocolate, Cocoa.**  
Canned Goods,  
Pickles, Olives, Catsup, Spices,  
Nuts and Dried Fruits, Lemons, Oranges and Confectionery, Cigars, Cigarettes and Tobacco, Also, a large assortment of Crockery, Glass, Stone, Earthen and Wooden Ware, Brushes, Brooms, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Tails, Tacks, Axes, Saws, &c.  
Accounts payable monthly.

TO THE HONORABLE JUDGE OF THE PROBATE COURT IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX:  
RESPECTFULLY represents David Whitcomb Richards of Lexington in said County, and Helen Mary Richards his wife, both upwards of twenty-one years old, that they are desirous of adopting a child of persons unknown, called Owen Beale, which said child was probably born in Boston, in the County of Suffolk, on or about the nineteenth day of December, A. D. 1879; that the parents of said child have wilfully deserted him, and neglected to provide proper care and maintenance for said child for more than two years next preceding the date of this petition. That the parents of said child have suffered said child to be supported by the Massachusetts Infant Asylum, a charitable institution incorporated for such charitable purposes, for more than two years, continuously, prior to this petition. Wherefore we pray that leave be granted to adopt said child, and that his name may be changed to that of Harry Wayne Richards.  
Dated this thirteenth day of December, A. D. 1881.  
DAVID W. RICHARDS,  
HELEN MARY RICHARDS.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.  
MIDDLESEX, ss.  
PROBATE COURT.  
ON the foregoing petition, it is ordered, that the petitioners notify the parents of said child to appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Cambridge, in and for said County of Middlesex, on the second Tuesday of February next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted, by serving them, if found in this State, with a copy of said petition and this order, seven days, at least, before said Tuesday, and if not, by publishing the same three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the LEXINGTON MINUTEMAN, printed at Lexington, the last publication to be, at least, seven days, before said Tuesday.  
Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two.  
J. H. TYLER, Register.

ON the foregoing petition, it is ordered, that the petitioners notify the parents of said child to appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Cambridge, in and for said County of Middlesex, on the second Tuesday of February next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted, by serving them, if found in this State, with a copy of said petition and this order, seven days, at least, before said Tuesday, and if not, by publishing the same three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the LEXINGTON MINUTEMAN, printed at Lexington, the last publication to be, at least, seven days, before said Tuesday.  
Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two.  
J. H. TYLER, Register.

**MME. PATTI**  
Shows her appreciation of the  
**ESTEY HAINES**  
**ORGANO**

By taking one of each with her on her tour of the Continent in her private car, the "Jerome Marble."  
All the Leading artists of the past few years endorse these instruments as the best for pure quality of tone, excellence of action and superiority.  
Send for Catalogue, or inspect them at the Warehouses.

**608 Washington Street,**  
**Estey Organ Co.**  
deed14—w

**ARTISTS' MATERIALS**  
**FROST & ADAMS,**  
57 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

**LEXINGTON**  
**Miniature Directory, - 1882.**  
**RAILROAD.**  
Trains leave Lexington for Boston at 6.08, 7.05, 7.42, 8.00, 9.00, 10.30, a. m.; 1.05, 3.40, 4.22, 6.34, \*9.15, \*10.00, p. m.  
Trains leave Boston for Lexington, 7.05, 8.15, 9.30, a. m.; 12.20, 2.40, 4.20, 5.20, 15.45, 6.25, 7.45, \*20.20, \*11.10, p. m.  
Trains leave East Lexington 9 minutes later and earlier than above time. Munroe and Pierce's Bridge are flag stations.  
\*Wednesdays excepted. \*\*Wednesdays only. (Express from Arlington Heights.)

**Mail Arrangements.**  
Mail opens at 8.30, a. m.; 1.20 and 5.30, p. m. Mail closes at 8.40, a. m.; 12.45 and 6.00, p. m. W. U. Telegraph Office in connection with Post Office. L. G. Babcock, P. M.

At East Lexington the mail opens at 8.20 a. m., and 5.10 p. m. Morning mail closes at 9 o'clock; evening mail at 6 o'clock.  
Augustus Childs, Post Master.

**Town Officers.**  
Selectmen, Overseers of the Poor, etc.—Bradley C. Whitcher, Albert W. Bryant, Joseph F. Simonds.  
Town Clerk—Leonard A. Saville; office at his grocery store.  
Treasurer and Collector—Charles T. West; office at Warren A. Peirce's coal yard, near centre depot.  
School Committee—William R. Cutter, J. Russell Reed, Albert W. Bryant.

Library Committee—Revs. E. G. Porter, Russell H. Conwell, C. A. Staples, with W. R. Cutter, as treasurer.

**FIRE DEPARTMENT.**  
Everett S. Locke, Chief Engineer.  
H. A. Wellington, Henry A. Turner, Assistants.  
Adams Engine, No. 1.—Foreman, George L. Pierce; clerk and treasurer, A. D. Lombard; steward, John Strople.  
Hancock Engine, No. 2.—Foreman, Cornelius Manly; clerk and treasurer, Terrence McDonald; steward, Patrick Mansfield. Meets first Thursday of each month.  
Wentworth Chemical, No. 3.—Foreman, J. T. Adair; clerk and treasurer, Charles F. Butters; steward, H. R. Earle. Meets the fourth Thursday of each month.

Hovey Hook & Ladder.—Foreman, H. D. Hanson; clerk, treasurer and steward Charles G. Kauffman.

**CARY LIBRARY.**  
Cary Library is located in Town Hall building, and is open Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, afternoon and evening.  
Grace S. Wellington, Librarian.

**Churches.**  
First Parish, Unitarian. Rev. C. A. Staples, pastor. Supt. of Sunday school, Chas. T. West. Sunday school at 10.45; preaching at 11 o'clock in the morning. Evening service at 7 o'clock.  
First Baptist Church. Rev. Russell H. Conwell, pastor. Supt. of Sunday school, A. M. Tucker. Preaching at 10.30; Sunday school at noon. Evening service at 7 o'clock.

Hancock (Congregational) Church. Rev. E. G. Porter, pastor. Supt. of Sunday school, Z. J. Wing. Bible service and Sunday school, conducted largely by the pastor, at 10.30 in the morning. Preaching service in the afternoon, at 3 o'clock. Evening service at 7 o'clock.  
St. Bridget's (Catholic) Church. Rev. Matthew Harkins, pastor. Rev. J. J. O'Brien, assistant. Low mass in the morning at 9.15, followed by Sunday school.

East Lexington Church. Rev. C. J. Staples, supply. Preaching service at 10.45. Sunday School at noon; Miss Gertrude Pierce, superintendent.

**Societies.**  
Simon W. Robinson Lodge, F. A. M., meets in Town Hall building, the Monday on or before the full of the moon, each month. W. M. Quincy, Ricknell, Jr., Secretary, H. M. Reed, Treasurer, Walter Wellington.

East Lexington Dramatic Club. Nathaniel Nunn, president. Secretary, Miss Gertrude Pierce. Treasurer, Clifford W. Bryant. Stage Manager, C. G. Kauffman.

Y. P. M. I. Association. Meets in parlors of Baptist church, first Thursday of each month. Wm. F. Glenn, president. Secretary, Miss C. A. Dennett. Treasurer, Miss Carrie Underwood.

Lexington Land League. Meets in Norris Block, second Saturday of each month. Wm. J. Neville, president. Secretary, John O'Connell. Treasurer, Timothy Keneen.

Ancient Order Hibernians. Meets in Norris Block, first Saturday of each month. Wm. J. Neville, president. Secretary, Daniel J. Donovan. Treasurer, Timothy Keneen.

Catholic T. A. and B. Society. Meets in St. Bridget's church every first Sunday of the month. Thomas H. Ryan, president. Secretary, John H. McNamee. Treasurer, J. J. Neville.